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SEPARATE ENGRAVING.

## THE CHERBOURG FESTIVAL.

Now that the ceremonies of Cherbourg are all over—now that Cherbourg itself is a *fait accompli*, and this country committed to the congratulations with which her Majesty felicitated the Emperor on its completion—perhaps the true policy is to make the best of the whole business. The affair was rather a disappointment for mere tourists, and the members of our House of Commons were treated somewhat in the spirit of the old Lord Maynard of the last generation, who, hearing the assembly in question mentioned, carelessly exclaimed, "What! is that going on yet?" But all went well with her Majesty's part of the business. She saw everything, heard everything, was lustily cheered, and came away covered with polite attentions. In particular, the Emperor's speech at the banquet was so emphatic and so perspicuous—we must add so cordial, even—that, as far as human language can do anything, it amply justified the Queen's acceptance of his invitation. Often has this journal protested against heaping with flattery a sovereign whose rule in France is by its very existence an insult to constitutionalism. But as often have we urged that our business with foreign governments is only to treat them with the degree of civility which they merit by their conduct to ourselves; and that to us Napoleon is only a *de facto* ruler of France to be tried by international laws. When, therefore, we view him in that capacity and on the special occasion in which he now appears before us, we are bound to allow for the above-mentioned speech. We dwell on it the rather, because it commits him, and will be brought up in evidence against him, if necessary, through all his future life. To violate such professions at any time would make him unfit to be trusted by any Power in Europe. It would leave him without a reliable ally. He has solemnly renewed the old declaration that his empire is peace; has expressly disclaimed any idea of menace in the completion of the Cherbourg works; and, in one significant phrase about "unhappy events," has spunged out the memory of the hubbub about the assassins having happened to come from London. Indeed, he probably intends that the festival of last week should act as a nepenthe for the exciting memories of last spring; at least, he speaks so decidedly that we again say we mean to make the best of his

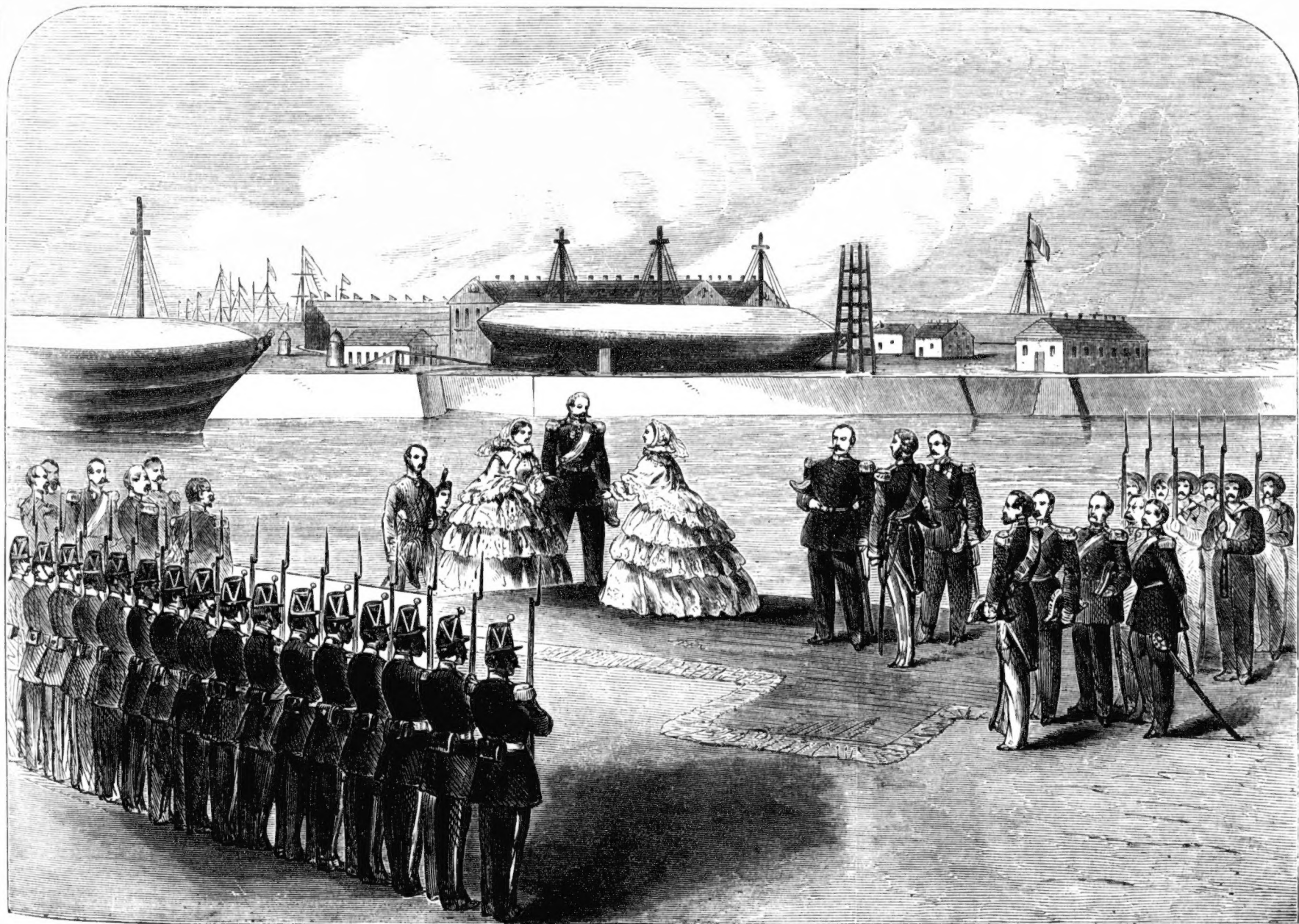
last acts and his last public appearance. It is open, certainly, to any Englishman to hold Cherbourg to be an offence, and to think that it should never have been opened, and ought now to be shut up again. But one must either say so, and prepare for war in consequence, or else accept what peace one can get, and return such civilities as are offered, with the best grace one can.

Now, it is a mere truism—flat as a flounder, and stale as flat—to say that this age is an age in which peace ought to prevail between England and France. It ought to prevail, not because peace is necessarily preferable to everything else (for there are conditions in which war might be so), but because in this age of the world it is the natural state of Europe. When mankind handed over the fighting department to a class, they virtually declared that it was become a less universally natural thing than it had once been. When they redoubled their industry to employ their new and growing population, and spread their commerce a thousand-fold over the world, they more and more made peace not only familiar, but necessary. In fact, to use a vulgar illustration, Europe has got fat. It wants the wind of old Europe, and is more susceptible of "punishment." Parts of this tendency are our greater tenderness about pain, our sickly anxiety about criminals, and a whole host of such phenomena. To carry all this to mean extremes, is mere cowardice; and to say that all arms should be laid down, is madness; but still it is inevitable that the prudential sides of our nature should have the general ascendant just now, and peace, therefore, has become intertwined with our general philosophy. Between England and France it is the more reasonable, because they are the two most prominent Powers in Europe by their example, and they have fought so often that such example, when pacific, is all the more influential from them.

What, then, if Cherbourg be only the last expression of that old warlike spirit—or rather warlike habit—which lines the frontiers and coasts of all countries with forts and guns? What if it be a final creation from the old world rather than really an inauguration of something belonging to the new? It is capable of being looked at in such a light after all. Its design and plan were the work of a past age—a tradition from times in which

blood was shed every year. But, then, why complete them? To this it might be answered (still accepting the imperial speech as honest) that if navies are to grow there must be proportionate means of naval accommodation; that, if France is stronger in her navy than she once was, she has a right to avail herself of the change; and that by making herself more equal to England at sea, she is bringing her whole powers into better harmony. Except by urging that she has no right to aim at any equality with us at sea, an Englishman could hardly object to this view. But, then, no nation will accept reasoning like this, and the development of France is a fact which she has a right to act upon as we have upon ours. We have completed Cherbourg, says the Emperor, and now we start fair, but mean peace.

At all events (and we should laugh at a critic who charged us with want of patriotism), this is the kind of view which England must do her best to make practical, and which her statesmen must urge upon the Emperor as the ultimatum on which alone a firm alliance can be based. We have accepted Cherbourg, helped to inaugurate, and now mean to view it as the completion of an old system and not as the forerunner of ever-new schemes of extension and increase. This, we repeat, is what Napoleon's speech meant, unless it were a mere hypocrisy such as we wish to attribute to no man, be his position high or low. And with this we can manage to put up. Cherbourg is a strong place, no doubt; but if we can really defend our shores, even such advantages as this gives would not ensure the success of an invading force. It would protect it better than any other post while in preparation; but, after all, the great struggle must be at sea. Until France can beat us in a series of first-rate sea-fights, half-a-dozen Cherbours will not give her Old England. It is a perch for her eagle to fly from, but still the question will be, cannot the eagle be "winged" *en route*? The greatness of this nation grew out of the sea, and by her success there will she stand or fall. We can, therefore (as we think), afford to attribute common honesty to Napoleon's professions, and to believe that, with such general efficiency as involves no offence to anybody, we can always secure that the most daring enemy shall hesitate before risking an army on so fearful a throw. It is not necessary, therefore, nor would it



THE EMPEROR RECEIVING THE QUEEN ON HER VISIT TO CHERBOURG ARSENAL.



be dignified, to treat the speech, which has been the occasion of this article, with a contempt which would indirectly involve a censure on our own sovereign; and the well-wishers of both countries will take care to keep themselves free from the responsibility of inflaming their mutual passions. As for those who would play with such topics mean party-object of embarrassing a ministry—they are worthy of being the political tools of oligarchs who despise while they use them; and contempt, we think, could say of them very little more.

Upon the whole, and admitting that Napoleon's speech was all that it ought to have been under the delicate circumstances, we are not sorry that these *fiéres* are over. Come what may, Britain has frankly and manfully accepted a position which tried her breeding, and, perhaps, her patience, and this will pass into history along with many other events in which she has not borne the worst part when measured with France.

[A complete account of the naval *fiéres* at Cherbourg, embracing descriptions of the various illustrations contained in the present number, will be found on page 122, and *passim*.]

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

THE French Government has resolved, in conjunction with that of Great Britain, that the prosecution of the assassins of Jeddah shall be carried on in presence of a British and French Commissioner, and that M. Emerat, who was present at the murder of the French Consul, shall assist the Commissioners.

The Emperor has definitively decided on the construction of a commercial port at Brest, as well as on the improvement of the port of L'Orient. Their Majesties will return to Paris on the 21st. They will then stay a few days at St. Cloud, and subsequently proceed to Biarritz. The Emperor will next go to Châlons, and thence, towards the end of September, to Biarritz, to take back the Empress.

### BELGIUM.

THE vote by which the Belgian Chamber rejected the project for enlarging the fortifications of Antwerp, closed the session. The adverse vote was the result of a combination of parties. In the first place, the whole of the Catholic party, except the two former Ministers, Dedeker and Vilain XIV., voted against the Government project, simply because it was a Government project. Then many members voted against it, on account of the expense. The members for Antwerp itself voted against it, because their constituents wish that Antwerp should cease altogether to be a fortress. The same Royal decree which announces the close of the session, announces likewise the complete withdrawal of this project of law, the purport of which was not merely the fortification of Antwerp, but the execution of other public works, military as well as civil, all over the kingdom. It is expected that the struggle will be renewed next year.

### SPAIN.

SAVE the accounts of the Queen's progress, the Madrid journals contain no other news than that an extensive conspiracy, having ramifications in Murcia, Valencia, Andalusia, and Catalonia, had been discovered at Cieza, in the first-named province. It is not said of what nature the conspiracy was, and the "Novedades" expresses the opinion that it will turn out to be grossly exaggerated.

### ITALY.

THE "Indipendente" of Turin contradicts a rumour which had been abroad for some days, that a reconciliation between the King of Naples and the Western Powers was probable.

At Carrara, one man has been condemned to death, another to twenty years' hard labour in the galleys, and three more to eight years of the same punishment, for having belonged to a secret society, the two former being, besides, convicted of murder or attempt to murder.

A railway excursion from Milan to Venice has been made the occasion of a political demonstration. The Austrians were treated with great incivility; cries of "Down with them!" were heard, and the tri-coloured flag was hoisted.

### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

ANOTHER conflict, or rather massacre, has taken place on the Montenegrin frontier. Early on the morning of the 28th of July, the Montenegrins attacked the town of Kolachina in great force; the inhabitants, relying upon the established security, being entirely off their guard. Their enemies burnt all the houses, killed about a hundred men, committed atrocities of the most revolting description, and at last retired, taking with them two hundred Mussulmans, women, and children. It is added that Prince Danilo, on hearing of this attack, ordered the immediate arrest of the chief, who thus disobeyed his injunctions. He is to be dismissed, and thrown into prison.

Accounts have been received from Canea to the 17th. The following is the text of the articles of pacification, as modified agreeably to the wish of the insurgents:—1. A general amnesty is granted to all who have taken up arms. 2. As regards everything connected with religious worship, the provisions of the Hatti-lumayoun remain in full force and vigour. 3. The mufti has nothing to do with the administration of the property of Christian minors, or with the affairs of inheritance. 4. The councillors of the provinces will be named by the people, according to the established regulations. Their services will be gratuitous.

The Greek Government has demanded from the Porte an indemnity for the losses experienced by the Greeks at Jeddah.

The Hereditary Prince of Persia is dead. The Turkish Ambassador had broken off his relations with the Persian Government, but had resumed them through the intervention of the English Minister, Mr. Murray.

A report has reached Malta to the effect that an attempt had been made on the life of the Viceroy by one of the fanatical party, who was discovered in his Highness's chamber, under his bed. No explanation could be got from the would-be assassin, further than that God had sent him there. He was immediately taken out and decapitated. Four thousand stand of arms, with a large quantity of gunpowder, are said to have been discovered in one of the mosques of Cairo.

### UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE Senate and House of Representatives of the United States have agreed to appoint a commission to confer with the English Government on the practicability of devising some plan or plans for assimilating the coinage of the two countries, so that the respective units shall be easily and exactly commensurable.

On a still more important matter—the right of search—the two Governments are scarcely so well agreed, if the following statement from the Washington Correspondent of the "New York Herald" be true:—

"The despatch of the European news brought by the Indian on the debate in Parliament with regard to the right of search question, and the assurances of General Cass to Lord Napier. All that General Cass said to Lord Napier does not state the case properly, in reply to the British Minister's proposition, that the two Governments should enter into a negotiation for the purpose of establishing some rule for the verification, or determining, the nationality of vessels at sea, was that the American Government would consider any proposition received from the British Government, but had none to offer, and doubted if any plan could be adopted that would not be subject to great objection and greater evils than it one which the British Government expected to prevent. The language of General Cass does not justify the colour said to have been given in Parliament to this question."

The Government had determined to send a fleet of six or seven vessels to enforce its demands against Paraguay.

Advices from both Oregon and Washington territories mention a general gathering of Indians in that region, with evidently hostile intentions. The commander of the Pacific army was hurrying thither all

the troops at his command, but their number and equipments were wretchedly inadequate.

From Utah we have news to the 23rd of June. Everything was quiet in the territory, and the Mormons were returning to their homes. Brigham Young and the heads of the Mormon church had returned to Salt Lake City. Reports of gold deposits in the vicinity of St. Varian's Fort were made by some of the returning teamsters, but not much credit was given them. General Johnston had passed through the city and encamped thirty miles beyond. Brigham Young was anxious to be tried for treason, provided the jury should consist of Mormons only.

Our Canadian news is important. Ministers were defeated by a vote of sixty-four in opposition to Ottawa being declared the seat of government by the Legislative Assembly; they forthwith resigned, and Mr. Brown, in conjunction with Mr. Dorion, had undertaken the formation of a new Cabinet. The Legislature had adjourned for a few days to allow time for the formation of the new ministry.

### AUSTRALIA.

THE last advices from Australia are in all respects *couleur de rose*. The financial condition of the country was most sound. "Our revenue," says one writer, "more than doubles our necessary expenditure for the exigencies of Government. No doubt we spend it all, and so we should do if it were ten times as much, but we spend more than half in improving our estate. In round numbers, our total consolidated revenue is £3,200,000. Of this we have voted £1,200,000 for public works, irrespective of our railways. A sum of £400,000 is taken up under the head of 'special appropriations' under various statutes. This includes the interest on our debentures not required this year. Other votes of a public nature amount to £240,000 more. All these appropriations amount to £1,800,000, so that our 'unproductive' expenditure is in round numbers £1,400,000."

The construction of three railways having commenced, there was a greatly-increased demand for labour.

At the gold-fields, the last great event is the discovery, at Ballarat, of a monster nugget of pure gold weighing 2,217 ounces. It was found by the "Red Hill Mining Company"—composed of twenty-two persons, all working partners.

BLUNDER ON BLUNDER.—The Paris "Patrie" of Tuesday calls to account a recent writer who, in describing the picture galleries possessed by England, disposed of the private collections in fifteen short pages, and totally omitted to record the existence of the Vernon Gallery. Our contemporary's explanation is worth giving:—"The Vernon Gallery," it tells us, "was formed by the collection of curiosities bequeathed by Lord Vernon to the institution of St. James's Palace."

A FRENCH MESSIAH.—The "Morning Star" says:—"The Emperor of the French, in inaugurating the statue of Napoleon I. at Cherbourg, alluded to his destiny. 'It appears to belong to my destiny,' said he, 'to bring about by peace those great designs which the Emperor conceived in war.' As an illustration of his meaning, Louis Napoleon alluded to the solution of the question about the freedom of the seas. In fact, the inaugurating speech of Napoleon III. was all about peace. It might lead to the impression that there are two Napoleons, the Napoleon of Peace and the Napoleon of War, and that the one preceded the other as the Bible does the New Testament!"

LIBERTY OF THE (FRENCH) PRESS.—There is a good deal of talk in the French provinces of a circular by M. Delangle to the Prefets, concerning the liberty of the Press. In this circular three points are mainly insisted upon:—1. All reference to the private life of the Emperor is to be rigorously prohibited. 2. No letters, however apparently innocent or trivial they may be written, by the Count de Chambord, or any of the Orleans princes, are to be promulgated. It has now and then happened that, under the pretext of subscribing to a charity, returning thanks for a presentation copy of a book, or condoling with a family on the loss of a relative, letters have been written which are regarded by partisans as proclamations. 3. No fault is to be found with the acts of any public functionary. Subject to these restrictions, the circular is reported to lay down the principle that journalists should to a great extent be allowed to state their own opinions in their own way.

THE PLAGUE AT BENGAZI.—The port of Bengazi, in Tripoli, in which the plague is at present raging, has usually a population of from 10,000 to 12,000. Nearly two-thirds of them have already left the place, and out of the 4,000 who remained, 1,500 have been attacked, and 800 of them have died. Out of the garrison of 200 men, 120 had been attacked, of whom 30 died. Drs. Bartoletti and Amadeo, who were sent out by the Turkish Government to examine into the character of the disease, had returned, and were performing quarantine at the Dardanelles. When they left Bengazi the deaths were about 29 a day.

DEVoured BY SHARKS.—A fatal accident occurred on the 24th of June, on the Gallinas bar (West Coast of Africa), by the upsetting of a boat belonging to the Chibbers, by which three officers of that vessel lost their lives. Their names were Assistant-Surgeon Francis Davy, Assistant-Paymaster Charles Kenrick Foulkes, and Master's Assistant Stronach. The boat was only 100 yards from the shore, and the depth of the water between the intervals of the breakers only two feet. It is supposed that sharks must have seized the unfortunate men, as they shrieked violently.

QUOTATIONS IN THE SLAVE TRADE.—"Slaves down south have fallen. A Mobile paper states that the Sheriff of Sumpter County sold a batch of four. A woman, about thirty-eight years of age, with three children, nearly large enough to begin to work, brought 1,525 dollars. A boy, rather ordinary in appearance, twenty-one years old, sold for 1,000 dollars, and a girl twenty-two years old, with her child, brought 1,002 dollars. Very few attended the sale, and fewer still came prepared to buy."—New York Tribune.

A BRAVE MAN.—The brig Black Boy capsized in a gale, off Ottendorf. The master had on board his wife, sister, and child. It was with the greatest difficulty that the two ladies were got into a boat while the vessel was on her beam ends, they having been in the water some time. One of the men, George Nosster, undertook, at considerable personal risk, the charge of the child. He allowed all to get safely into the boat first, and then found that his only chance was to jump with the child into the boat. He hesitated for a better opportunity, but in the meantime the boat was driven by the fearful gale away from the wreck, which it was impossible to regain. In this distressing condition the father and mother of the child and the other persons in the boat knocked about in the open sea until midnight, when they got on board a galliot, and rode out the gale. In the meantime Nosster had taken to the foretop with his charge carefully folded under his jacket. He remained in the foretop some time, carefully adjusting a portion of his clothes round the child, and thus protecting him from the heaviest of the seas. About five in the morning Nosster lashed his charge in the rigging, and ventured down into the cabin, where he succeeded in getting some wine, with which he moistened the baby's mouth, thus keeping him alive. At daybreak the father of the child thought he saw some one on the wreck, and at about nine on Monday morning the gallant tar and his infant charge were rescued by a boat from the galliot, when he had the satisfaction of handing the infant to its mother alive and well.

NULLIFICATION OF A PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.—An old lady named Pommeyer died in Strasburg in November last, leaving a considerable fortune, and Baron de Friedrich, Chamberlain to the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and M. Kugler, an advocate of Strasburg, thinking themselves the nearest heirs, the former by the female side and the latter by the male, were about to proceed to divide the fortune between them, when some more distant relatives stepped in and disputed altogether Baron de Friedrich's right to receive anything, on the ground that he was only related to the deceased through his mother, a Mademoiselle Seitz, who in 1788 had been married morganatically to Prince Frederick Augustus of Hesse; and that as her marriage was null and void, his birth was illegitimate. An action having been brought, it was contended that the marriage was void; 1st, because the female at the time of making it was under age, and had not obtained the consent of her mother; 2ndly, that neither the Landgrave of Hesse, the prince's father, nor the Emperor of Germany had given his consent to it, though that consent was necessary according to the Hessian law; 3rdly, that the laws had not been duly published; 4thly, that it had not been celebrated in the presence of witnesses; 5thly, that the register of it had not been duly signed by the parties; and, 6thly, that the Protestant clergyman who celebrated it had not power to perform it. The tribunal, after hearing long arguments on behalf of Baron de Friedrich, decided that the marriage was null and void, inasmuch as it had been contracted when the girl was under age and without her mother's consent, had not been duly published, and, above all, had not been celebrated in the "own parish" of the parties—they belonging to Darmstadt, and it having taken place at Greshelm—though the law and ecclesiastical regulations were peremptory in requiring that a marriage should only take place in the "own parish." The tribunal, therefore, declared that Baron Friedrich, being illegitimate, was not entitled to any portion of Madame Pommeyer's property.

### THE INDIAN REVOLT.

THE following telegram was received on Saturday:—

"On the 1st of July the rebels were forty miles from Jypore, near Jallaboot, and General Roberts's force was only thirty-four miles distant from Jypore the same day."

"There was a report of Tirowan, in Banda, being captured, as the rebel leaders Cominda Noobareddy, of Caratoge, Corla Sinaran, and Rajah Reddy (sic)."

### THE CAWNPORE MASSACRE.

A few months ago a profound sensation was created in India by an announcement that a young English lady had survived the massacre of Cawnpore, and that after undergoing incredible trials, and passing through adventures without parallel she had been restored to her friends. It was further stated, with every assurance of probability, that the unhappy victim of treason and brutality was scarcely capable of giving a connected or intelligible narrative of her sufferings, but that she was undoubtedly a living witness of what which were thought to have left no survivor. To this tale of great interest we are now enabled to give a considerable development of a complete narrative, purporting to proceed from the sufferer's own pen, has been published in the "Times." It is as follows:—

"I was sixteen years of age when I accompanied my sister and husband to Cawnpore, about six months before the mutiny broke out. I suffered with the Christians under General Sir Hugh Wheeler. We had reached us on the 17th of May of the disasters at Meerut, and were apprehensive of an outbreak at Cawnpore. We were quartered in barracks on the 21st of the same month, and suffered dreadful privations from want of provisions and water, and from the frequent attacks made by the mutineers on our small body of men, about 1,000, consisting partly of officers of native regiments, and sixty Artillerymen."

"An unfortunate treaty was entered into between General Wheeler and the Nana Sahib on the 24th June; the latter swore by his gods and his ancestors to protect us and see us safely taken to Allahabad in boats. We were taken quite by surprise when we were fired on. The river in many places in the middle had no more than six feet of water, so that most of the boats were soon aground. Some of the small ones managed to get off, but even then with difficulty. The firing at first was irregular, but as the boats came whizzing past us as thick as hail, sinking and exploding, I was on the deck of my boat, seated, stupefied with terror and confusion. I was further convinced of immediate danger by seeing a number of savages enter the boat I was in. I was seized in an instant by one of these savages—for savages and ruffians they looked. I was ordered to deliver all I possessed—money and jewels to the amount of four hundred rupees, the sum I managed to take with me when I proceeded to Allahabad. My money was now snatched from me. On replying in the negative to questions whether I had more money and valuables by me, my present captor searched rudely. My senses had very nearly forsaken me. I was then ordered to speak more exactly, I was made to stand while I was searched, and I was as if to fustigate me, but off his gun over my head and shoulder, in the most deliberate and cold-blooded manner. They afterwards took two sweet little girls, sisters, who were between the ages of six and eight. The poor creatures were clinging to each other when they came to the diabolical act. Next they shot an Eurasian, whose name was Kripahad, a merchant in Cawnpore. How many others were killed by the mutineers, I could not know, for I felt dizzy and sunk on the deck. For what I remained in this state I have no idea. I returned to consciousness feeling myself suddenly and rudely seized and thrown into the river. The next moment I was buffeting with the water. I managed, with some agility, to get to land and scrambled on shore. I crawled on my hands and knees till I reached a tree about half a mile from the bank, and hid myself as well as I could. My thoughts, oh heavens! were agonised. My sister, her husband, and children had, I had not the slightest doubt, been ruthlessly murdered. I shuddered to think of their dreadful fate. My thoughts next reverted to myself. What was I to do? where was I to escape? surrounded as I was on all sides by the dreadful, revenging, and bloodthirsty enemy."

"I fell by degrees into a sort of drowsy fit, occasioned perhaps from weariness, from which I was aroused by approaching stealthy footsteps. In an instant I sprang to my feet, but, instead of the ruffians whom I expected to see, to my great relief the well-known face and form of Miss Wheeler, the General's daughter, were before me. In a few words I understood that she had been dealt with in the same way as myself—i.e., thrown into the water by the men, who perhaps thought she was not worth a bullet, being insensible she would soon sink to the bottom of the river. Our situation and fear, however, were so great, that we had not much of conversation to offer each other. We had not been together more than an hour, I suppose, when a party of the enemy surprised us. We were dragged in different directions, and of Miss Wheeler's fate I knew nothing till very lately. I was pushed and dragged along and subjected to every indignity. Occasionally I felt the thrust of a bayonet, and on my protesting against such treatment and appealing to their feelings as men, I was struck on my head, and was made to understand, in language too plain, that I had long to live; but before being put to death that I would be made to feel a portion of the degradation their brethren felt at Meerut when from our ranks before the troops. After a walk of about four hours I was brought to a place about four miles from Cawnpore, very near Bithoor, where some of the mutineers were encamped. I was almost in a state of nudity, for my clothes had been torn to pieces when dragged along by the men, and I had the sensation of being made a spectacle before these heartless and cruel creatures. Clapping of hands and cries of 'Khook-Kea' (Well done!) but I was stupefied senses. A circle formed round me. I sunk on the ground, and buried my face in my hands. Oh, the agony of those moments! A length I heard a voice speaking to my prosecutors in rather a courteous tone—'Spare the poor creature and have compassion on her; let her be as she seems dead already.' I looked up, and saw an African. There was something mild and compassionate in his look. He relieved me in a measure from the shame I was suffering by throwing a covering or shawl on me. He asked me to accompany him. I immediately followed him, and was ushered into a tent, where I was desired by my benefactor to sit down. He made me understand that he would do all in his power to have me spared. I thanked him for his kindness. After a while he procured a suit of native clothes, which he said I should put on. I laid my head on the mattress and fell fast asleep."

"On waking I still felt so weak that I could hardly lift my head. I had a chupattie, or handbread, and a little dhall served to me, which I did not eat. My saviour benefactor I saw no more till I went to Lucknow. I was an eunuch in the King's employ, and had arrived in Cawnpore as an avant-courier with some despatches from Mouvie Ahmedoolah, son of Fyzabad, to Nana Sahib."

"I heard of some ladies whose lives had been spared, and who were in a building called the Assembly-room. How I wished that my sister, at least, was among the number."

"I had been some time now with the mutineers, and was treated badly. How I survived my severe illness, having no proper nourishment, and my care taken of me, is a source of wonder to me now. Still as I wished, I wished and prayed for death, but Providence willed it otherwise."

"On the morning of the 15th of July, on getting up, I found that the camp was in an unusual bustle, news having reached the Nana that the victorious British were marching on Cawnpore, after having won the rebels first at a place called Khaga, about five miles from Fattypore, on Monday, the 12th of July; then at Aong on the 15th; and finally at the bridge on the Pandoo Nuddee, or stream."

"An order was issued by the Nana for the women, children, and all to be removed half way to Lucknow. I vainly hoped to have been excused from forming one of the number. I was dragged and pushed along in a weak state, and when I actually sank from fatigue I was put on a cart, not before I had accomplished thirty miles on foot without shoes. On the 21st we were joined by nearly the whole of the mutinous troops who had evacuated Cawnpore and Bithoor, and I could easily guess from our long marches for days that we were in full retreat."

"I had to accompany a flying enemy, and made a detour of a portion of the North-West Provinces on foot, viz., Bareilly, Rohilkhanda, Fateghur, Shahjehanpore, and the district near Delhi. After travelling through all these places, we joined the mutineers at Lucknow. On our arrival here I met my saviour benefactor, who informed me that Mouvie Ahmedoolah Shah, commonly called the Fyzabad Mouvie, was one of the principal men or generals among the mutineers, and he was so kind that Mouvie would shelter and protect me if I wrote to him, stating my case. The Mouvie, though he had a very great antipathy towards Christians, especially English, was still in every way a good, kind, and well-hearted man, and had declared his intention of procuring women and children. Very different was the case with the Nana Sahib."

"Accordingly, the poor creature wrote to the Mouvie (who understood English), by means of charcoal and a dirty piece of paper, in which some salt had been served. The African took charge of the letter, and a day after he brought me a verbal reply from the Mouvie, to the effect that the Begum, his mother-in-law, would take me under her protection, and that I should be one of the ladies of her household. The following day a suit of clothes similar to those worn by Mahometan ladies of distinction



was brought to me, and I was instructed to bathe and proceed to the Begum's Palace at the Kaiserbagh. I shall briefly pass over the particulars of my conversion to the Mahomedan faith and installation as a Lady of the Household, as I feel pained to think of this period of my eventful existence; suffice it to say that I had no content with sufferings enough to bend and subdue any woman, but that the ill-treatment I had endured tended to make me a downright hypocrite. I could have been made to do anything, and I played my part skilfully to the Mahomedan creed in a style at which I feel astonished.

I was well respected and treated by the Begum. My health rapidly improved, and the desire to live was now strong in me. The ladies of the household believed me to be a devout Mahomedan. I was much praised when I said that I thought the English would be able to relieve the garrison or even to approach Lucknow. The Begum progressed very favourably with me. The approach of General Havelock gave me some hope of escaping. I was here, I might mention, nearly the whole siege, and oh! how often did I offer up my silent prayers for the little band of heroes struggling for life against an overbearing force. Great was the boasting around me because General Havelock had twice to fall back upon Cawnpore, but they miscalculated his perseverance.

On the 23rd of September, he and General Outram fought their way into the Residency. A month after, and reports were rife that the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, Sir Colin Campbell, was advancing effectually to relieve the garrison.

The Begum was a grim and suspicious woman, and, when thwarted or annoyed, acted with prompt cruelty. She understood well her position, and was remarkable to the last degree. On the approach of the Commander-in-Chief her equanimity entirely forsook her. She treated me with great severity, and abused me frequently, calling me Kafir, or unbeliever, a hypocrite, a slut, and a serpent who would yet sting her benefactors. Her treatment of me at last became cruel. I tried to bear up with her ill-humour as well as I could, for to have said a word to her would have been needless, for I knew full well, stared me in the face should my conduct be in the least defective.

One morning she entered my apartments in a frantic state, and commenced, as usual, calling me names. I thought it was one of her usual fits, but my nerves were opened when she said, "Your General is approaching, but will find it no easy task to take Lucknow, for we have done all in our power to strengthen our defences. You are, I am sure, very pleased to hear of his coming. I can see it in your very countenance. Wretch! you shall die rather than escape. I therefore advise you to prepare yourself to-day, and make your peace with Allah, for to-morrow at dawn of day you shall be shot." The reader can imagine my state of mind at this unexpected and appalling news. The one in whom I had trusted so many hardships! But God in his wisdom sent me succour and consolation in my own servant.

"The ladies of the Begum's household are allowed servants or golas. The one in attendance on me proved a faithful creature to me in my time of need. On hearing from me my sentence she said, with tears in her eyes, 'Madam, I will try to make you effect your escape from this place, for what the Begum once says is never recalled. I heard before I entered these apartments that you were to be shot to-morrow; but, thank God, there is yet time left to act. You must go into the garden by the back-door, and I will wait for you at midnight under the peepul tree at the further extremity of the garden, where you must change your clothes for coarse apparel which I will provide for you. The guards know me and will allow us to pass without molestation. We will proceed to the Moulvie Sahib; and when you are once under his protection the Begum dare not touch you. I will provide you with a few rupees, which you must present to him on your approach as muzzur, or present. He will be pleased if this respect is shown to him. Use flattery, and approach him as if you were his slave.'

"Accordingly waited till the appointed time, and when I was convinced that all was quiet I made my way in the dark from the palace as noiselessly as I possibly could. I met my faithful companion at the appointed spot. After relaying my apparel I threw the clothes I had taken off into a well. After winding our way along an avenue or grove of trees, we were challenged by a sentry on duty. My companion explained that we were proceeding to join our husbands at the Moulvie's camp. We were allowed, after due search, to proceed on our way. At dawn we reached the Moulvie's camp."

Here a sharp fight was going on.

"Various manoeuvres were gone through. The infantry regiments marched in open column, while the bands played 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' to their slow march, the troops and horse artillery on the right and left. The force assembled, I was informed, consisted of 20,000 men of all arms. Marching in this fashion, they reached the General Moulvie's palace, when the order was given to halt, front, dress, advance for general salute, and, to my utter astonishment, 'God Save the Queen' was struck up briskly. After lodging arms, the whole force was dismissed.

"After the parade, I approached with the rupees in my hands; with suitable phrases I won the Moulvie to interest himself in me. 'Nobody,' said he graciously, but in an upstartish way, 'will molest you. Take apartments in the palace, and have the slaves to attend you. You have followed our creed, and we must protect you.'

"I was very comfortable so long as I remained at the Moulvie's palace, and was free from all espionage from the men as well as women; for the Moulvie was a despot, and could order any person under him to be put to death, and his orders would be cheerfully carried out by his soldiers; in fact, he was a determined sort of a person, and as he had taken an interest in me, I was not interfered with.

"I had made my escape from the Begum's palace in the beginning of November, and remained under the Moulvie's protection till the 12th of that month, when he went out with his troops to meet Sir Colin Campbell, then advancing to the relief of Lucknow. Before his departure he sent me again to the Begum, with strict orders that I should be well treated. She was still residing at the Kaiserbagh, and received me with moody silence.

"My feelings during the combat which ensued in Lucknow may be imagined. I would have jumped at its commencement if I dared, but to have attempted it would have been certain death.

"After a dreadful combat it became evident that the British would be everywhere successful, and then began a frightful rout in our camp. Horses, camels, elephants, and carriages, were prepared for the Begum and her household. The mutineers were flying in all directions. In the confusion, I escaped through a loophole of the palace, but the shot and shells were still whistling around. I knew not what to do. It was evident I was little cared for or thought of in the confusion which reigned around me. From pursuit, therefore, I had nothing to fear, but how to reach the English camp I knew not. I advanced a short distance, but to have continued my course in that direction was to encounter certain death, as an incessant shower of grape was pouring in from every side. In this extremity I had to join a body of mutineers, who took the direction to the north. I wandered about—I cannot exactly say how long. We made a detour to Oude. I journeyed on foot, and put up with coarse fare. I thought the 'chupatees' and 'shall' now bonne bouche. I was strong, I was well treated, and able to bear any amount of fatigue. Our numbers could not have been less than 1,000 men, with two guns; but they were augmented by fugitives joining in twos and threes daily. If the British after the retaking of Lucknow immediately had continued pursuing the enemy for days in every direction they would by this time have been totally extinct. As for me, my safety lay in accompanying them; nor would they have let me depart.

"Councils of war were held among the chiefs, but, having no regular leader to guide them, and bring their discussions to bear upon their movements, they wandered about, a regular set of fugitives, until we were nearly thirty miles from Allahabad, when they came to a standstill. They were now in a fearful state of mind, and, being exceedingly stupid, could be made to believe anything, for all they cared for was to have their lives spared. The British never before contended with such contemptible foes. I kept very silent for days; but when I found that the men were so ready to take in everything, I spoke to them and called for a council. They were eager to hear me.

"I explained to them that as their only hope was in the clemency of the Company Bahadur, the best plan would be to send me with a proper escort to Allahabad, where I would explain their case to the Governor-General through the magistrate of Allahabad, who, I said, was my cousin. I said that if they allowed me to manage their affairs, they would come off with their lives and liberty. I made them understand that, though a Mahomedan, I had once been a Christian, and, having influential relatives, I would urge their kindness to me as a sufficient ground for their lives being spared. I tried to convince them that the British looked more upon their saving the life of one female than the slaughter of 500 men.

"After reasoning and discussing the matter, they at last consented to let me go. They were, in fact, like drowning men, eager to catch at a straw to save their lives. I was made to give, before I started, to the chiefs or captains certificates that I had been well treated, for they said it was better to show up about thirty certificates accordingly, as they cost me nothing, and I was very anxious to get away from them. I left them with a light heart, and journeyed on foot with about ten men. Oh! I cannot sufficiently describe to God that He had safely brought me out of such sufferings, degradation, and misery. After I crossed the Ganges, zemindars, landholders, thanadars, heads of mofussil police, one and all rebels at heart, perhaps,

and the British, hearing that I had important despatches from the rebel camp for the Governor-General, readily supplied me with police and bearers, and escorted me to Calcutta. I arrived safe on the third day at my family's factory, a day's journey from Allahabad. The old man and his family at first could not believe me; my Mahomedan costume, sun-burnt face, and emaciated form tended effectually to disguise me; but this was only for a few moments, and then I was clasped in their warm embraces. I shall leave the reader to imagine the joy of that meeting.

"I shall now draw my last sketch to a close by informing the reader that I am very happy in the midst of friends and relatives at Calcutta, whither I came after residing with my uncle for a month.

"The date on which I reached my uncle's factory was the 29th of June, 1858, exactly one year since the Cawnpore massacre. I am now residing with my aunt and receiving 100 rupees a-month from the Relief Fund, and I need hardly add that I am as happy and comfortable as I could wish to be."

The "Times" points out that there are some discrepancies of date, &c., in this narrative, but it has every reason to believe it thoroughly genuine.

## THE WAR IN CHINA.

Ten allied expeditions in the Peiho have reached Tientsin, from whence the last date is June 1.

No serious attempt was made by the Chinese to impede the navigation of the river, and the gunboats advanced to Tientsin, which commands both river and the great canal, without a mark of hostility. The people supply provisions of excellent quality cheaply. The English and French ambassadors were living on shore in a temple; the Russians and Americans had followed the allies up the river; the second officer of the Empire, and the President of one of the six boards of Government, had arrived in Tientsin to negotiate; they are invested with a title which the interpreter describes to convey full powers, and profess their readiness to treat on the demands put forward in the letter to the Prime Minister of China, which had been previously ignored. The first interview was to take place on the 4th of June, after the departure of the steamer. The Chinese continue to consider the proceeding as something between peace and war, but not exactly one or the other.

## A SKIRMISH WITH THE BRAVES.

On Wednesday, June 2, General Van Straubenzee and staff, with 120 of the Marine Brigade, made a reconnaissance expedition to the north-east of the city, towards the White Cloud Mountains, and, finding a Tartar camp of about 2,000 men, despatches were sent for reinforcements, and some 150 of the 59th, 250 Bengal Native Infantry, and a small body of marines and marine artillery, with 400 men from the *Amethyst*, *Tribune*, *Camilla*, *Hornet*, and *Bittern*, left the same night to join the General, the naval brigade under Captain Grenfell and Commanders Jenkins and Colville. Owing, however, to the *Haughty*, gunboat, with the sepoys on board, getting aground, and the delay caused in removing the troops to the *Drake*, gunboat, the expedition did not land till seven a.m., when the sun was well up, and one of our piping hot days commenced. A march of some ten or twelve miles, with two days' provisions on their backs, had to be made, and by the time the brigade arrived near the scene of action several had been struck down by the sun, and all so thoroughly knocked up as to be unable to join in the action then going on. Consequently, the marines and artillery, which had reinforced the General from the city direct, bore the brunt of it, and lost a few men by the fire of the enemy, but more by the sun.

Mr. H. A. Turnbull, staff-surgeon of the Marine Brigade, who had lagged a little behind to attend to a sick man, was, when rejoining the forces, pounced upon by some "braves," who issued from a Chinese village in the neighbourhood; his head was severed from his body, and his fingers, on which were rings, cut off. Much skirmishing, but no regular engagement took place—the Tartars retreating from one hill to another. We had the satisfaction, if such it may be called, of driving the enemy from their position, and burning the remains of their encampment; some few Tartars were killed, and one or two prisoners taken. Our loss from the enemy and sun amounts to fifty killed, wounded, or injured.

It is satisfactory to read, however, that "the superiority of European over black troops could not have been shown more clearly than in this affair. With the sun actually mowing our men down, their pluck and endurance carried them along, while men of the 70th and 65th Bengal Native Infantry were dead beat, though used from childhood to a sun in their own country equally as intense. An officer who was present states that the Europeans quite ran away from the sepoys, who actually never got within sight of the enemy."

## THE STATE OF CANTON.

A correspondent writes:—"At Canton affairs are daily getting worse and worse; the Chinese are becoming more insolent, and the braves more confident. About a week since an unfortunate policeman belonging to the British force was suddenly assailed by a body of braves at the west gate, and his hand cut off as a trophy. With great difficulty he and a comrade who was with him effected their escape, both being severely wounded, the unfortunate man who received the mutilation being dangerously so. Pehquei, on being remonstrated with, declared that he had no power over these ruffians, but issued a reward of two hundred dollars for the discovery of the men who committed the outrage, and also levied a fine of one thousand dollars on the street in which the occurrence took place. This last seems a strange way of meeting out justice; but I have no doubt it has a beneficial effect in one way. It will make the more respectable inhabitants of the street careful in ejecting from their neighbourhood characters it would be nothing unfair to say would commit a similar act when time and opportunity arose. A Chinaman loves dollars very fondly, so, touch him through his pocket, and he becomes your most abject slave. Another little practical joke has also been invented by these funny Celestials. A Sepoy belonging to the 65th Bengal Native Infantry wandered out of the lines, and was instantly kidnapped, put in a sack, and carried away to some village outside the walls. Of course, some stir was made about this, and in a few days the sepoy was returned uninjured, but more than considerably frightened. In Hong Kong we are not much better off than at Canton, highway robberies with brutal violence being of frequent occurrence."

TELEGRAPH TO INDIA.—Arrangements for the Red Sea telegraph line to India have at length been positively concluded, and the terms are such as to leave no doubt that the capital will be immediately obtained. A new prospectus, issued by the company recently, states that the Government have granted a guarantee of 44 per cent. for fifty years. The portion of the line between Alexandria and Aden is first to be constructed, and the nominal amount proposed to be subscribed is £800,000 in shares of £20 each. Messrs. Newall and Co. are ready, however, to undertake the work at their own risk at a fixed price, which will leave about £300,000 of this capital untouched. The guaranteed interest is to commence immediately and to be paid half-yearly upon whatever amount may be paid up. If the revenue of the line should exceed 44 per cent. the surplus is to be appropriated as follows:—One-third to repay any advance of interest made by the Government, one-third to form a reserve fund up to £80,000, and the remainder to increase the dividend of the shareholders up to 10 per cent., after which the Government are to have discretionary power to reduce the tariff or to apply the excess to create a fund for the redemption of the guarantee. The Government allowance of interest will not be affected by any casualties that may happen to the line. Supposing its repair or renewal to become necessary the company would have the power to call up the unused portion of their capital of £800,000, upon which, in addition to that already paid up, an allowance of 44 per cent. from the Government would then come into operation, and also to appropriate to the purpose any amount of reserve that might have accumulated. Should these means prove inadequate and the company fail to re-establish an efficient communication, the Government may take the enterprise into their own hands by paying off the shareholders at par. The board includes members of the leading East India firms, and two ex-officio directors are to be appointed by the Treasury.

THE QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS has given birth to a son—heir to the throne of Hawaii.

## THE NEAPOLITAN PRISONERS.

BARON NICOTERA and his companions sentenced to death have had their sentence commuted. To the galleys and the *ergastolo* they are to be sent—one man for life, another for a quarter of a century, and so on. The manner in which the commutation was announced deserves particular mention. The President of the Court sent for Nicotera, and admonished him to be grateful for the mercy which had been shown. Nicotera told the President in reply, that he and his colleagues had not acted as judges, but as hirelings of the Government. Nor could the President induce Nicotera to shout "Evviva il Re!" when the commutation was announced. He would neither do so himself nor persuade his companions to give any audible token of loyalty and gratitude. "Signor President," said he, "I address you now as Dominico Dalia, not as President, for in such a character you are a hireling and a slave of the Government. To Dominico Dalia, then, I say, that I cannot and ought not to comply with your insinuations, and that I would never degrade myself so far as to ask my companions to do so. Like me, they have faced every kind of brutality, and death itself; and they would have in the same manner confronted the scaffold as they will bear their chains and the *ergastolo*. I repeat, we cannot do as you insinuate. Were we to cry, 'Viva il Re!' the echo would be, 'Death to liberty!' Reserve for yourself such infamy, and leave us to the dignity of silence."

Shortly after, a Government steamer arrived off the town of Salerno to remove some of the prisoners, and landed chains, an anvil, &c., to fetter them. It seems that even in the Neapolitan dominions the custom is not to put chains upon prisoners until they arrive at the place of their destination. This time, however, the order was departed from, with the intention, as it is supposed, of striking terror into the souls of the Neapolitans. The ante-chamber at the gate of the prison was turned into a blacksmith's shop; the hangman and his assistants did the blacksmith's work, and in due course the wretched creatures were chained up two and two together. The chain employed was about 35lb. in weight, and thirteen feet in length. When they had been thus chained they were next manacled, and finally bound together by a long rope. In this fashion they were conducted throughout the public places of the city. The inhabitants were most painfully affected. The balconies, and terraces, and housetops, were covered with people as the melancholy procession passed along. Maledictions were uttered against the government, and one terrible sentiment of indignation and vengeance seemed to occupy all minds. Thousands of persons saluted them as they passed along, and greater sympathy was awakened at every step by the clanking of the chains, and the sight of the wounds the shackles were producing. At the spectacle of the shackling assisted some of the officers of the 7th battalion of Rifles, the secretary-general of the Intendenza of Provinces, the commandante of the prison, and 200 gendarmes besides, and other police agents drawn up in the court of the prison. Four companies of Rifles were under arms in different parts of the city, as though it were in a state of siege. Further we are informed that several of the advocates of these prisoners have been persecuted by the Government. One has been imprisoned eight days on the excuse of having gone to Naples without a passport. Another, threatened with imprisonment, has been compelled to fly, and put himself in safety. After two days of concealment he was officially assured that he would be banished from Salerno, for an indefinite time, a sentence which destroys his profession and ruins his career for life.

A MORMON MIRACLE.—The "Deseret News," the Mormon organ, which is now issued at Filmore City, contains a letter from several Mormons at Great Salt Lake City, stating that they had seen in the sky a "sword of massive dimensions lying horizontally, and pointing due west. The shape was quite perfect, the hilt much brighter than the blade, and variegated like a rainbow. The moon stood south-west; there was a ring around it of a reddish colour, but not so bright as the sword, through which ran two lines forming a cross. There was also another sword of smaller dimensions."

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—The Paris correspondent of the "Globe," writing apropos of the Cherbourg fêtes, says:—"The world-famous tapestry at Bayeux, representing the various incidents of William's Norman invasion of England, has never afforded such an opportunity of being attentively scanned; and its admirers have been legion. Another not less interesting specimen of needlework has just been discovered by the Sardinian Envoy to the Court of London, Marquis d'Azeglio. This highly-intelligent functionary being now at Lucerne, on his way to Turin, remarked in some obscure building of that town an arras, which, on diligent scrutiny, is found to be a cotemporary textile depicting of Joan d'Arc presenting herself at the Court of Charles VII., with her sword and mission to expel the Anglo-Norman foreigner from France. All the costumes are found so minutely true to those of the period, and the features so accurate, that eye-witnesses must have produced the performance. The garb of the Orleans Maid tallies exactly with the details afforded by the judicial record of her trial at Rouen. The attempts at letter scrolls are in the very earliest idiom of cotemporary German, of course rude and uncouth."

AN INDIAN BOADICEA.—"A great enemy appears in the field against us in the person of a woman and a queen." The telegraph simply announces the confirmation of the report that 'the Rancee of Jhansi has been killed.' Is a woman and a queen appearing in arms, and dying in the field of battle, such an everyday occurrence as to be suitably disposed of in a single line? To be sure, a tribute is paid to the formidable resistance which she offered to our arms, when we are told, in another line, that 'the deaths of the Moulvie and the Rancee are more gain to us than half a dozen victories.' This, surely, is her eulogium. Our rejoicing at her death is the confession that, by her abilities and her heroism, she was a foe not to be despised. Now that she is killed, we may allow that, though mistaken, she might be honest, and actuated by noble motives in taking the field in support of what she would very naturally conceive to be righteous and a holy cause. The patriotism of women, like their religion, is less liable to suspicion of insincerity than that of men. This woman is the Indian Boadicea. She can hardly have been guilty of such an amount of slaughter as Boadicea was; yet the Roman historians who relate the tale of this terrible massacre of their countrymen made by the British Queen, and of her final defeat and death, scarcely disguise their admiration of her heroism. Surely, the historian of twenty years hence will be able to give us more than a mere line about this woman, whose death, says the brief telegraph, is 'more gain than half a dozen victories.'—Northern Whig.

## THE NEW ELDORADO.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from the rapidly-rising town of Victoria in Vancouver's Island, says:—"With however much incredulity the announcement may at first have been received, there is no longer room to doubt that all the country bordering on Fraser's River is one continuous gold bed. Miners abandoning the partially exhausted placers of California are thronging to this new Dorado, and the heretofore tranquil precincts of Victoria are now the scene of an excitement such as was witnessed at San Francisco in 1849, or since in Melbourne. Land has run up to prices fabulously high; and patches that six months ago were, perhaps, grudgingly purchased at the colonial price of 20s. the acre, are re-selling daily at a hundred times that amount. The small number of steamships hitherto found sufficient for the commerce between San Francisco and these vicinities no longer suffices to convey a tithe of the eager applicants for passage. An opening for the enterprise of British capitalists, such as was not anticipated, has thus suddenly arisen, and the opportunity will, of course, be seized with alacrity.

"Let I should appear too sanguine in my representations, I will cite one instance to illustrate the richness of these newly-discovered diggings. Three men returned for provisions lately, after an absence of seven days; they had during this interval extracted 179oz. of gold. I state this fact on the authority of Governor Douglas, who has just returned from the mining regions, whither he went with the view of establishing certain regulations for the maintenance of order. In short, all who have visited the mines are impressed with the conviction that their richness far exceeds that of California in its palmist days.

"A certain degree of order has already been established in the mining region, through the judicious measures adopted by the Governor. Justices of the peace and other officials have been appointed, and a system protective of the territorial interests organised. Licenses, on



the principles of those granted in Australia, are issued; the price, five dols. per month, to be exacted from every miner. There was a good deal of talk as to the right or propriety of levying this tax when it was first proposed, and some of the San Francisco papers were loud in their denunciations; others, with better sense and more discrimination, took a calmer view. It is satisfactory to add that no difficulty has so far been experienced on this head. As a body, the miners are reported to be a steady set of men, well-conducted, and respectful of the law; but there are, as may be supposed, bad characters among them—gamblers and blacklegs of every kind. The good sense of the majority, however, tends to keep these *mauvais sujets* under restraint. As regards nationality, men of all races are here—Europeans of every nation, Americans, Mexicans, Sandwich Islanders, nondescripts of every diversity of tribe and colour, to say nothing of a due admixture of the descendants of Abraham. There are a number of Chinese. These, eager of gain, seem bent on pursuing it in every conceivable way. One party of them seeks to establish a fishery, another purposes to labour in a different vocation. The *bêche de mer*, or sea-slug, is said to be found in numbers along the shores of the island. These, dried under a certain process, form an important item of export to China, where they command a very high price; and to this branch of industry some of the Celestials are disposed, it seems, to direct their attention, in preference to the laborious occupation of gold digging.

A naval station, protective of the interests involved, will forthwith, I do not question, be established here. A world-wide commerce, thus protected, will suddenly spring up with Europe, with America, with the recently-developed countries on the Amoor, with Japan, with China, and the islands of the sea. Productive fisheries, prolific whaling waters, extensive coal-fields, a country well timbered in some parts, susceptible of every agricultural improvement in others, with rich gold-fields on the very borders,—these are some of the many advantages enjoyed by the colony of Vancouver's Island and its fortunate possessors. When I add that the island boasts a climate of great salubrity, with a winter temperature resembling that of England, and a summer little inferior to that of Paris, I need say no more, lest my picture be suspected of sharing too deeply of *couleur de rose*.

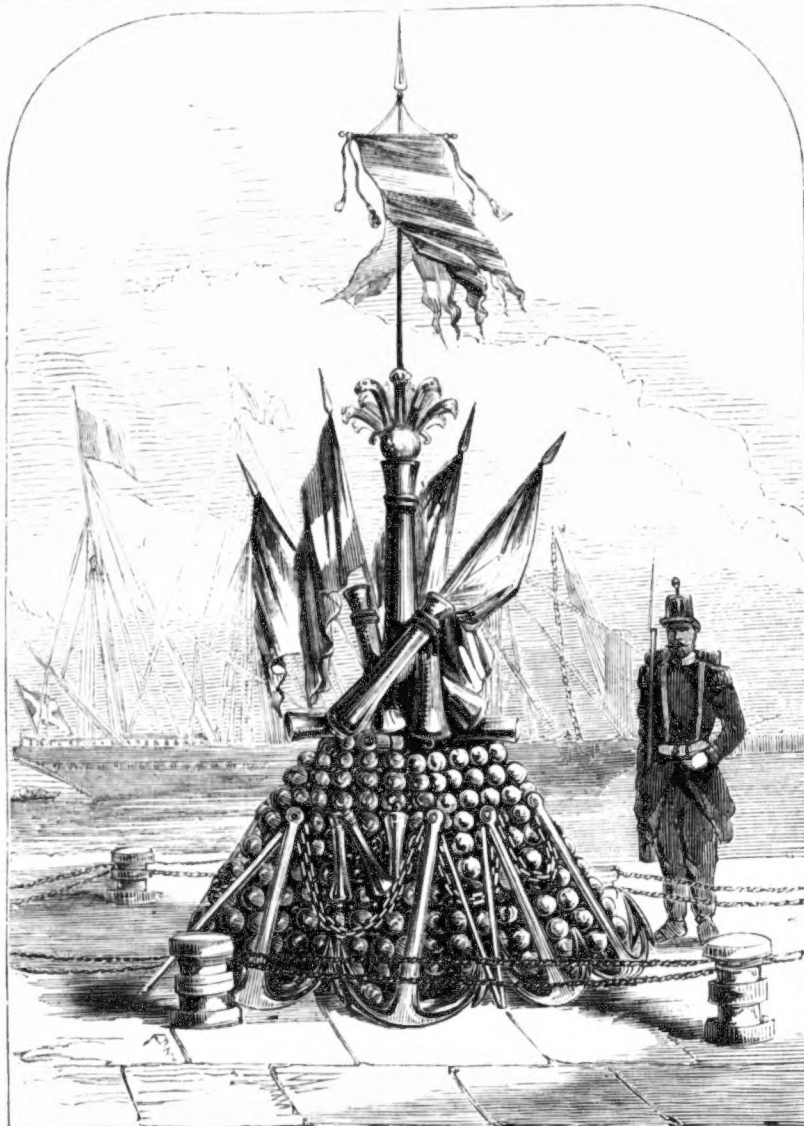
"Victoria is the town now suddenly risen to importance. The harbour is good, but not extensive, nor is it adapted for the reception of a larger class of vessels. For this reason a sister city must arise at Esquimalt, distant about three miles off, across the peninsula which separates the one harbour from the other. There, too, the naval arsenal which is in contemplation will probably be established. That harbour is unexceptionable in all respects, easy of access at all seasons, and with a depth of water sufficient to admit the *Leviathan*, or any other monster of the deep that enterprising engineers may choose to ven-

ture on. I have mentioned the *Leviathan* cursorily. Her sea-going capacity once fairly tested, what is to prevent her making a venture in this direction with half a colony at once within her gigantic ribs?"

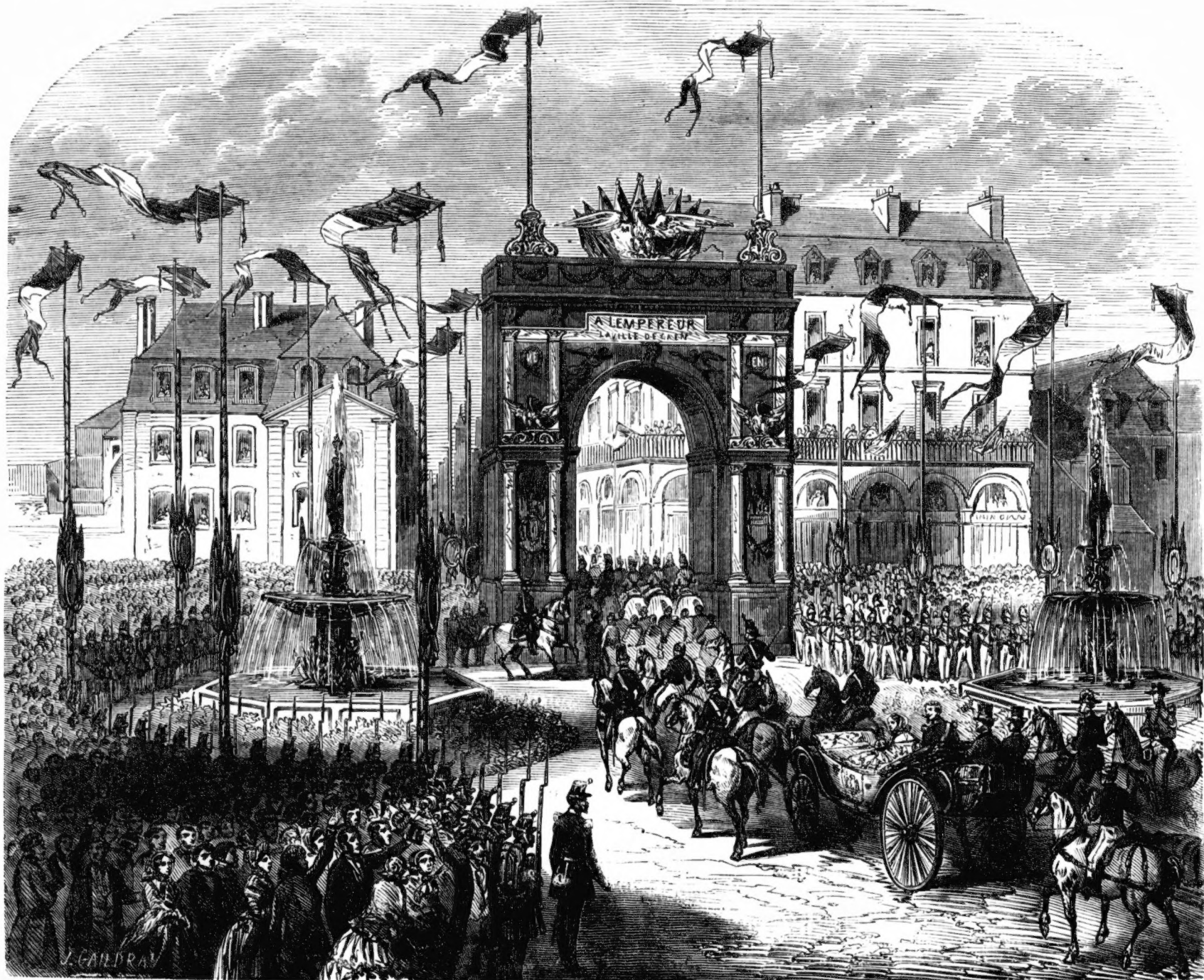
From the "San Francisco Bulletin," we learn that a newspaper, the "Victoria Gazette," had already been started in Vancouver's Island, and an American steamer was running regularly between Victoria and Fort Hope, which is 100 miles above the mouth of the Fraser river. "Strong efforts have been made to bring some American town site into notice, but with only partial success. Whatcom and Schome at first took the lead, as it was believed a route could be quickly opened thence overland to the new mines. Up to the present, however, the road has not been rendered passable, and Victoria is rapidly outstripping all her rivals."

There seems to be some prospect of a difficulty with the American miners, and with the Indians who have swarmed to the gold-fields. We read—"The Indians have begun to molest the emigrants on their way to the mines. A party of ten encamped near Schome were attacked, and six killed. Twenty-two canoes filled with Indian warriors were passed going into Victoria, by the steamer *Sea Bird*, and 200 more were on the way, and daily expected at that port. It was feared the mining region would be overrun by these warriors, and that an indiscriminate massacre would follow."

Then as to the Americans, a Washington correspondent of the "Bulletin" writes:—"Our Government begins to realise the importance of questions heretofore thought but little of, relating to the rights and claims of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific side of the Continent. Unless a wise and liberal policy be pursued by the British with regard to miners in the Fraser River Company, there may be collisions that would lead to international difficulties. The American miners will soon learn, if they have not already, that neither Governor Douglas nor the Hudson's Bay Company have any authority over mines on this Continent. The Colonial Governor of Vancouver's Island (Douglas) has no authority beyond what his commission confers. He has no right of jurisdiction, and has never claimed it before, over the main land or any other territory than Vancouver's Island, in the capacity of governor, and except as chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Neither the Company nor he, as its chief factor, have any right under their charter except the right or privilege of trading with the Indians. They have no possessory right over the mines or approaches to mines, and therefore the imposition of taxes or license-fees by either Governor Douglas or the Company is a usurpation of authority. All mines belong to the Crown of England; but it has been decided by British authorities in Australia that 'placers' are not mines, in the meaning of the enactment ceding all mines to the Crown, that gold washing and working for gold on the surface is not mining."

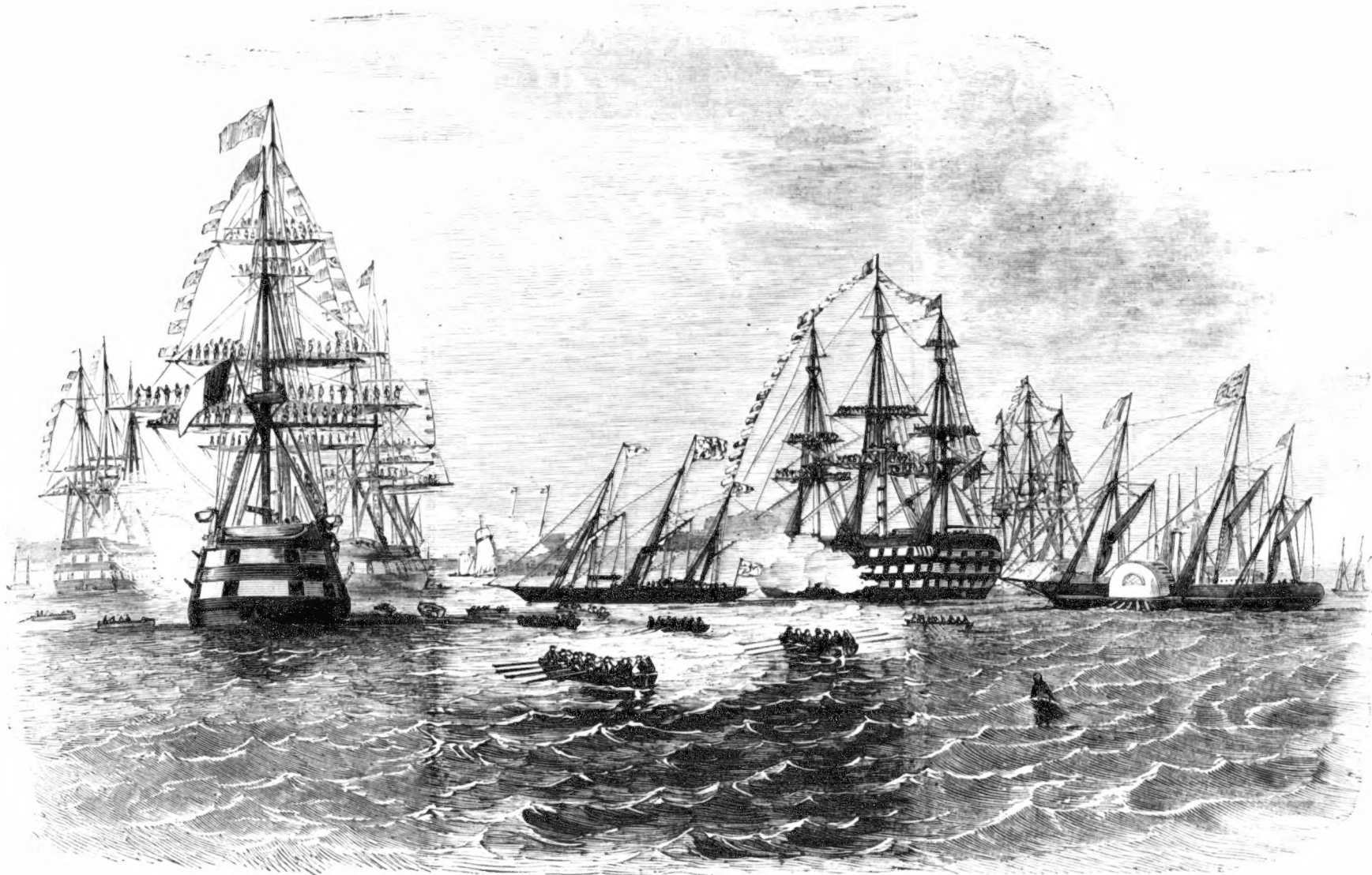


TROPHY ERRECTED IN CHERBOURG ARSENAL.

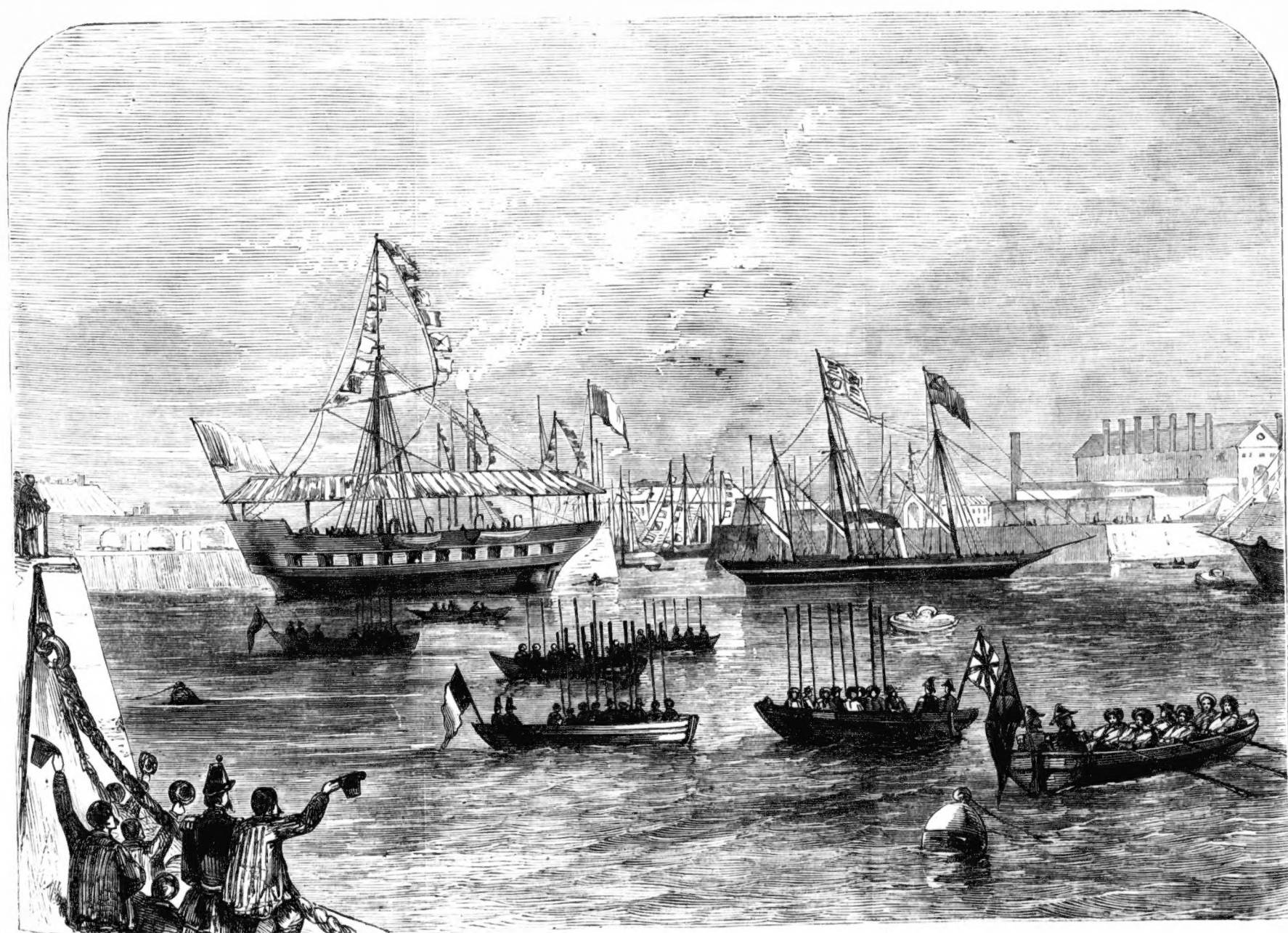


THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS PASSING THROUGH CAEN.





THE QUEEN ON BOARD THE FAIRY PROCEEDING TO THE ARSENAL, CHERBOURG.



THE FAIRY ENTERING THE ARSENAL.



## IRELAND.

**CLOSE OF THE ENCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.**—The Encumbered Estates Court and the 2nd of July. It is stated that the total amount of purchase money that has passed through the court from the commencement is over £22,000,000, out of which about £5,000,000, or not quite so much, were purchased by English and Scotch purchasers. The number of estates sold were 2,389, divided into more than 11,000 lots, and 8,235 conveyances have been executed by the Commissioners. The court will be re-established under the Leases and Sales of Landed Estates Act, and it is calculated that the amount of business to be brought before the new court will be large beyond any estimate that has been formed, for, if the proceedings be well regulated, and the court prove moderate in cost and expeditious in practice, nearly the whole of the conveyancing business of the country will pass through it.

**THE IRISH NATIONAL GALLERY.**—The Chancellor of the Exchequer having consented to place a further grant of £5,000 in the year's estimates to aid in the erection of the "Irish National Gallery," and having given a promise that a further grant of £7,000 will be allocated next year, and the Irish institution having a sum of £11,000 set apart for the purpose, the erection of the building on Leinster Lawn, as an opposite wing to the Natural History Museum, is expected to commence very shortly. Some donations of pictures, principally works of the old masters, have been received.

**REVENUE AND TRADE OF IRELAND.**—£6,562,572 was the net produce of the revenue of Ireland paid into the Exchequer in the year 1857:—viz., £2,028,353 from the Customs, £2,934,000 from the Excise, £153,223 from Stamps, and £1,076,996 from the Property and Income Tax. The income of Ireland was £7,852,693, and the expenditure £6,853,707. The following articles were retained for home consumption in Ireland, viz.:—7,070,395 gallons of spirits, 5,305,272 lbs. of tobacco, 9,772,966 lb. of tea, 739,603 lb. of coffee, 365,605 cwt. of sugar, and 1,246,896 lb. of cotton wool. The consumption of coal cannot be exhibited. To England were exported 329,400 oxen, bulls, and cows, 15,183 calves, 485,217 sheep, 269,125 swine, 180,331 quarters of wheat and wheat flour, 1,724,433 quarters of oats and meal, and 2,570,163 gallons of Irish spirits. The amount of portage collected was £224,004.

**WALLACE, THE GALWAY PILOT.**—Our readers remember that the inquest on the body of Patrick Wallace, one of the pilots charged with having run the Indian Empire on the Santa Marguerite Rock, was adjourned in order to have the contents of the stomach subjected to a chemical analysis. We now hear that, after a careful analysis, no trace of poison has been found.

**SERIOUS RIOT IN CASHIEL.**—A private of the North Tipperary Light Infantry was arrested by the constabulary in Cashiel for being drunk and disorderly. His comrades rescued him, and a serious encounter took place between them and the police. The police had to retreat into their barracks; one of them was badly wounded on the head, and a woman was also seriously hurt; the soldiers afterwards attacked the barracks and broke the windows, after which they proceeded to demolish the windows of the inhabitants, who had to close their shops to save their property from destruction. Mr. Ffrench, R.M., was quickly on the spot, read the Riot Act, and then ordered the constabulary to load with ball cartridge. At this time the most serious results were dreaded; but luckily the riot was suppressed. The regiment was disembodied next morning.

## SCOTLAND.

**WOMEN IN SYNOD.**—At the meeting of the Episcopal Synod at Aberdeen on Thursday week, the Bishop said:—"Before proceeding, I have to remark that I see persons here who have not my authority for being present. I positively refused to give my sanction to ladies being present, and, until the ladies withdrew, I shall not proceed with the business." [There were some half-a-dozen ladies in the front seat of the south gallery.] "If the ladies have any delicacy, they will not remain without permission from me, and I hope any gentlemen who may have influence with them will exert it to get them to accede to my request." After a pause, and no stir among the ladies, the Bishop continued:—"If the ladies are determined, I am equally determined, and I will adjourn the Synod to another place." A pause of some minutes ensued, and yet no signs of the ladies retiring. The Bishop then said:—"The Synod is adjourned till the ladies retire—for half an hour." The Bishop then retired, but the ladies in the gallery sat still for several minutes. At last, after a good deal of consultative whispering, and having had the benefit of the counsels of a reverend brother who ascended to the gallery, they retired.

**A BALL IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.**—During the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Edinburgh, Dr. Skene, of the Moringside Lunatic Asylum, gave an entertainment to the members of the association. In the evening a grand ball took place at the asylum. The ball-room was decorated with great taste, and the patients appeared in their best ball costume. About 200 of the inmates took part in the festival, and danced with perfect decorum. A Highland piper in full costume played in magnificent style (for a piper), and the band of the asylum was excellent. Several learned and sober members of the association did not consider it beneath their dignity and position to join in the dance with the patients, who exhibited, during the whole of the evening, not the slightest approach to anything like singularity of conduct.

## THE PROVINCES.

**MR. FOX AT OLDHAM.**—Mr. W. J. Fox addressed his Oldham constituents on Wednesday evening. Alluding to Cherbourg, he contrasted the present state of France with her proud position when she "gave the watchword of liberty to the nations." He feared that the Emperor "would become a nuisance to Europe," and he looked with suspicion on the transference to the Queen of the supreme power in India, as she now possesses an army not subject to Parliamentary control. It had been said that the liberties of France had been conquered in Algeria: "let them look to it that the liberties of England be not mastered in India." Mr. Fox concluded by alluding to the ignominious fall of Lord Palmerston, who had been deserted by the Liberal party because he had deserted them.

**SISTERS OF MERCY IN A WORKHOUSE.**—Complaints having been made to the effect that Sisters of Mercy visiting the West Derby Workhouse had spoken improperly to some of the children, the guardians have resolved to forbid the sisters to visit the house in future.

**OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.**—Four men went to the marshes at Tenington to get clams. After being upon the marsh for some time, they discovered that the tide had surrounded them by flowing up the creek before it covered the level sands, and, abandoning their baskets and spades, they ran for their lives, but in endeavouring to ford through the creek, the bottom of which was no doubt a perfect quicksand, they were all drowned.

**RAILWAY ACCIDENT.**—On Thursday week a fearful railway accident occurred at Gartsherrie, in consequence of a large excursion train for Stirling, containing about 1,100 scholars and teachers, running into a mineral train at a crossing. The engine was pitched off the line, and about sixty persons were injured, twenty so severely that they were unable to proceed to Stirling. Black eyes and bruises were very abundant. Fortunately, the train was proceeding at rather a slow pace, or the consequences must have been fearful.

**HOW TO ROAST POTATOES.**—Three boys entered a potato field at Rotherhithe on Sunday evening, pulled a number of potatoes out of the ground, and having placed them in a rick of hay, set fire to the stack for the purpose of roasting their plunder. Before that could be accomplished, the contents of the rick became ignited, when the flames rose to a considerable height, and the wind blowing strongly at the time, draughted the fire into an adjoining rick, which was also consumed. The boys were pursued by a man, who witnessed the transaction, but they got away.

**A BOY KILLED BY ANOTHER IN THE HARVEST FIELD.**—Two boys, named Potts and Spickett, agricultural servants, quarrelled and fought while at work in a harvest-field at Chilham, near Canterbury. Spickett then walked away with a young man employed on the same farm. Potts followed, and while in the act of squaring up to Spickett (who was carrying a pitchfork on his shoulder) he is represented to have tripped and fell against the fork. He dropped to the ground, where he remained for several hours unnoticed. It was then found that the prong of the fork had penetrated the brain, and he died soon after. The other boy has been arrested.

**BREAKING FROM JAIL.**—A daring escape from the convict prison, Chatham, was effected early on Sunday morning last, by a convict named Forside, under sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude. The convict, who had been at work during Saturday with the other prisoners in Chatham dockyard, was confined in his cell at the usual hour in the evening. The part of the prison in which the cell was situated was nearly at the top of the building, and in order to prevent any of the convicts making apertures in the walls to enable them to escape, the ceiling and walls of each cell are covered with sheets of iron, of about an eighth of an inch in thickness. Forside, who must have obtained possession of some instrument from the dockyard, on being locked in for the night, commenced cutting away a portion of the iron ceiling of his cell, and actually succeeded in making an opening, large enough to admit his body to pass. Between three and four in the morning he escaped. Before quitting his cell he tore up his sheets and blankets, and tied them together as a rope. After getting through the ceiling he then crossed the prison yard, and by means of his rope succeeded in scaling the high prison wall. On descending the other side he was seen by a coast-guard man who called upon him to stop, threatening to shoot him. The convict, however, ran off, the man firing at him without effect. After leaving the prison it was ascertained that he broke into the railway station at Brompton and stole some clothes, which he exchanged for his own.

## RED TAPE AND POPULAR RECREATION.

The public is indebted to the "Saturday Review" for the following remarks on a very serious matter:—

"The importance of recreation to working men, and the good it must do them and their families, have been talked about till the topic is threadbare. Nor has it been taken into account till the topic is threadbare. The beauties of nature, and of other towns as well. The Victoria Park, the Battersea Park, the opening of Kew Gardens and Hampton Court on Sundays, show that the feeling on this matter has been deep and earnest; and every one who comes into personal contact with the working classes knows well that they make great use of these advantages, and feel the better for them in body and mind. We say that this movement has had great success; but that success has been gained by very great exertions, and at a heavy cost. Battersea Park will have swallowed up a frightful sum before it is complete, and the Victoria Park has been little less expensive. Now, would it be believed that at the very time when such efforts are being made to find the people of London pleasant breathing-places, a far more charming park than either of these two—one which has been the delight of the Cockneys of the east for centuries—is being sold by a single red-tapist for a mere song? Such, strange to say, is the case. Wandstead is six miles from Whitechapel—beyond the smoke, yet within an easy drive in gig or cart. A good-sized patch of forest has hitherto lain there, surrounded indeed with fields and houses, but itself wholly wild and free—the only trace of man's hand being the beautiful avenues of lime trees and chestnuts which cross a part of the ground hither and thither. To this forest of Wandstead every fine summer's evening, but most of all on the day which God meant for refreshment, there came thousands upon thousands of worn mechanics and petty tradesmen—that very class for whom every one is most desirous to provide harmless amusement, and fresh air, and a sight of the green trees. No more pleasing sight has ever met our eyes than the scenes of heartfelt but innocent enjoyment which we have looked at summer after summer in those old avenues. Family groups without number might be seen squatting on the ground, eating the meal they had brought with them, or wandering among the trees, listening to the cuckoos, nightingales, and other birds which abound there; while hundreds of children made the air ring with their shouts, in glee at their escape from the fetid air and weary walls of Spitalfields and Whitechapel. The roads were alive with every kind of conveyance, and the trains to Forest Gate were crowded with passengers. It seems almost incredible that, in this year of grace 1858, this official, who acts on behalf of the nation as to all matters which concern its real property—namely, Mr. Howard, the Commissioner of Woods and Forests—should have dared to put a stop to all that healthy happiness. Yet so it is. Mr. Howard has sold, and sold for a trifle, to Lord Mornington, all the Crown rights over Wandstead Forest, and it will ere long be enclosed and sold for building ground. Unhappily, we have not seen the end of the matter. A little beyond Wandstead is a hill called High Beech, covered with noble trees, and commanding a prospect from Harrow to Shooter's Hill. This too, has been a favourite resort of the east-end Cockneys, but unless Mr. Howard's new zeal for petty savings be overruled by somebody's common sense, High Beech also will be sold for a sum not a hundredth part of the cost of the new park at Battersea."

**SILKWORMS IN AUSTRALIA.**—The colonists of Victoria have discovered a native variety of the silkworm. It is found in countless swarms. The worm is enclosed in a dark coloured cocoon, the exterior of which is of extraordinary toughness, and encloses a quantity of yellowish silk. The staple of this, both as regards its fineness and length, has, it is said, been pronounced by a manufacturer at Glasgow, by whom it was tested, superior to the product of the best European worms.

**SMITH V. JONES AND OTHERS.**—By the aid of a table compiled by the Registrar-General from "nine quarterly indexes of births, eight of deaths, and eight of marriages," we are enabled to see what the fifty most common surnames are, and the number of times each surname occurs. The Smiths, of course, are at the head of the poll, their name boasting 33,557 entries; but their supremacy is imperilled by the tribe of Joneses, who stand 33,341 strong. That of Williams numbers 21,935. Below 20,000 are arrayed the clans Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, and Johnson. The rest of the fifty have fewer than 10,000 followers, the lowest figure falling to Griffiths—1,639. These fifty names embrace nearly eighteen in every hundred of those registered—about one in six; and as the total entries of the fifty are 440,911, the nine indexes may be considered to contain about 2,500,000 entries—certainly a fair number from which to judge. Returning to the Smiths and Joneses, the Registrar-General informs us that the whole of the indexes from 1838 to 1854 were searched "to determine the relative frequency" of these competing surnames; and the numerical issue is in favour of the Smiths. Of Smiths, the entries were 286,037; of Joneses, 282,900—a Smith majority of 3,137. In seven years the Joneses were most numerous; in eleven years (including the last seven), the Smiths. Both tribes, however, are entitled to all the preference which numbers can give them, since it is calculated that in England and Wales they include together not less than half a million persons—sufficient of themselves to people four towns as large as Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, and Hull.

**THE HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.**—Until the reign of George III., the House of Lords was decidedly superior to the House of Commons in the liberality and general accomplishments of its members. It is true, that in both Houses there prevailed a spirit which must be called narrow and superstitious, if tried by the larger standard of the present age. But among the peers such feelings were tempered by an education that raised them far above those country gentlemen and ignorant fox-hunting squires of whom the Lower House was then chiefly composed. From this superiority in their knowledge, there naturally followed a larger and more liberal turn of thought than was possessed by those who were called the representatives of the people. The result was that the old Tory spirit, becoming gradually weaker in the Upper House, took refuge in the Lower, where, for about sixty years after the Revolution, the high-church party and the friends of the Stuarts formed a dangerous faction. Thus, for instance, the two men who rendered the most eminent services to the Hanoverian dynasty, and therefore to the liberties of England, were undoubtedly Somers and Walpole. Both of them were remarkable for their principles of toleration, and both of them owed their safety to the interference of the House of Lords. Somers, early in the eighteenth century, was protected by the peers from the scandalous prosecution instituted against him by the other House of Parliament. Forty years after this, the Commons, who wished to hunt Walpole to the death, carried up a bill encouraging witnesses to appear against him by remitting to them the penalties to which they might be liable. This barbarous measure had been passed through the Lower House without the least difficulty; but in the Lords it was rejected by a preponderance of nearly two to one. In the same way the Schism Act, by which the friends of the church subjected the dissenters to a cruel persecution, was hurried through the Commons by a large and eager majority. In the Lords, however, the votes were nearly balanced; and although the bill was passed, amendments were added by which the violence of its provisions was in some degree softened. This superiority of the Upper House over the Lower was, on the whole, steadily maintained during the reign of George II., the Ministers not being anxious to strengthen the high-church party in the Lords, and the King himself so rarely suggesting fresh creations as to cause a belief that he particularly disliked increasing their numbers. It was reserved for George III., by an unparagoned use of his prerogative, entirely to change the character of the Upper House, and thus lay the foundation for that disrepute into which since then the peers have been constantly falling. The creations he made were numerous beyond all precedent; their object evidently being to neutralise the liberal spirit hitherto prevailing, and thus turn the House of Lords into an engine for resisting the popular wishes, and stopping the progress of reform. How completely this plan succeeded is well known to the readers of our history; indeed, it was sure to be successful, considering the character of the men who were promoted. They consisted almost entirely of two classes: of country gentlemen, remarkable for nothing but their wealth, and the number of votes their wealth enabled them to control; and of mere lawyers who had risen to judicial appointments partly from their professional learning, but chiefly from the zeal with which they repressed the popular liberties and favoured the Royal prerogative. That this is no exaggerated description, may be ascertained by any one who will consult the lists of the new peers made by George III. Here and there we find an eminent man, whose public services were so notorious that it was impossible to avoid rewarding them; but putting aside those who were in a manner forced upon the sovereign, it would be idle to deny that the remainder, and of course the overwhelming majority, were marked by a narrowness and illiberality of sentiment, which, more than anything else, brought the whole order into contempt. No great thinkers, no great writers, no great orators, no great statesmen, none of the true nobility of the land were to be found among these spurious nobles created by George III. Nor were the material interests of the country better represented in this strange composition. Among the most important men in England, those engaged in banking and commerce held a high place: since the end of the seventeenth century their influence had rapidly increased; while their intelligence, their clear, methodical habits, and their general knowledge of affairs, made them every way superior to those classes from whom the Upper House was now recruited. But in the reign of George III. claims of this sort were little heeded; and we are assured by Burke, whose authority on such a subject no one will dispute, that there never had been a time in which so few persons connected with commerce were raised to the peerage. —Buckle's "History of Civilisation."

## THE CITY BANKS.

The seven City Joint Stock Banks having now issued their yearly financial statements, it becomes interesting to examine the results.

The London and Westminster Bank, established 21 years, has a nominal capital of £5,000,000, of which £1,000,000 is paid-up. The deposits, &c., are returned at £12,443,745, being £1,145,275 less than on the 31st of December last, and £1,469,313 less than on the 30th of June, 1857. The reserved fund, inclusive of £4,029, added for the six months, is £165,204. The dividend and bonus just declared are at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum, against 14 per cent. per annum for the previous six months.

The London Joint Stock Bank, established 22 years, has a nominal capital of £3,000,000, of which £600,000 is paid-up. The deposits, &c., amount to £10,287,623, being £119,951 less than on the 31st of December last, and £410,907 less than on the 30th of June, 1857. The reserved fund, inclusive of £2,805, added for the six months, is £15,000. The dividend and bonus just declared are at the rate of 22 per cent. per annum; being the same rate of distribution as for the previous six months.

The Union Bank of London, established 19 years, has a nominal capital of £3,000,000, of which £600,000 is paid-up. The deposits, &c., are £9,032,134, being £613,779 less than on the 31st of December last, and £1,842,596 less than on the 30th of June, 1857. The reserved fund, inclusive of £15,000 now added for the six months, is £165,000. The dividend and bonus just declared are at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, making 15 per cent. for this company's half-year, now ended.

The London and County Bank, established nineteen years, has a nominal capital of £2,000,000, of which £500,000 is paid-up. The deposits, &c., are £4,178,283, being £644,858 more than on the 31st of December last, and £321,002 more than on the 30th of June, 1857. The reserved fund, to which no addition has been made for the last six months, is £105,000. The dividend just declared is at the rate of 10 per cent. at this period of the year, viz., 10 per cent. per annum.

The Commercial Bank of London, established eighteen years, has a nominal capital of £1,500,000, of which £300,000 is paid-up. The deposits, &c., amount to £935,081, being £113,455 more than on the 31st of December last, and £1,643 less than on the 30th of June, 1857. The reserved fund, to which no addition has been made for the last six months, is £75,000. The dividend just declared is at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. The dividend for the previous six months was at the same rate.

The City Bank, established three years, has a nominal capital of £600,000, of which £300,000 is paid-up. The deposits, &c., are £1,252,250, being £136,683 less than on 31st of December last, and £1,059 more than on the 30th of June, 1857. The reserved fund, inclusive of £2,000 now added, is £30,000. The dividend and bonus just declared are at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, against 5 per cent. per annum for the previous six months.

The Bank of London, established three years, has a nominal capital of £600,000, of which £300,000 is paid-up. The deposits, &c., are £1,659,352, being £55,491 less than on the 31st of December last, and £145,634 less than on the 30th of June, 1857. The reserved fund, inclusive of £3,320 added for the last six months, is £8,000. The dividend just declared is at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. That for the previous six months was at the same rate.

It is interesting to glance at the movement of the deposits and current accounts. A comparison of the figures now rendered with those rendered to the 31st of December last shows an aggregate decrease of £1,942,873. Every one of the seven banks presents a decrease, except the Commercial, which has gained £113,445, and the London and County, which has gained £644,858. A comparison with the returns extended to the 30th of June, 1857, exhibits an aggregate decrease of £2,377,000, the exceptions being the City Bank, which has gained £1,059, and the London and County Bank, which has gained £321,002. The aggregate amount of deposits, &c., now held by the seven banks is £39,180,000, against £41,131,341, on the 31st of December last, and £41,528,144 on the 30th of June, 1857. We see in this movement the natural effect of the decline in the rates allowed by the Joint Stock Banks on deposits. The high terms offered during the greater part of last year attracted rivulets of capital from all quarters, but now that 2 per cent. per annum is scarcely obtainable, the power of attraction is diminished.

**FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.**—The financial and general position of the Atlantic Telegraph Company now appears to be as follows:—Their original paid-up capital was £350,000, and this has since been increased to £450,000, an additional £100,000 having been raised a short time back, and £75,000 in shares having been created to be handed over in payment for the exclusive privileges assigned to the company immediately on the successful completion of the undertaking. Although the amount to participate in dividend is £450,000, the capital actually received is £381,000. Out of this the charge for the entire cable has been paid, together with all other expenses, and a small cash balance is still in hand applicable to the current outlay. It is understood that only additional capital now intended to be raised is the small sum that will bring the total to £500,000, and which is required to the various stations, &c., that remain to be established. The colonial concessions of the company give them an exclusive right for fifty years as regards the Newfoundland coast and the shores of Labrador and Prince Edward Island, and twenty-five years as regards Breton Island. They have also a similar privilege for twenty-five years from the State of Maine. From the respective Governments of Great Britain and the United States the terms obtained are a payment of £14,000 per annum from each for the transmission of their messages for fifty years, until the dividends amount to 6 per cent. on the original capital of £350,000, after which each Government is to pay £10,000 a year, such payment to be dependent on the efficient working of the line. Previously to the failure of the first expedition, which sailed on the 4th of August, 1857, and lost 383 miles of cable, the £1,000 shares touched about £1,150 or £1,200, and the lowest point has been £300, a sale having been made at that price since the attempt last June, when there was an additional loss of 480 miles.

**THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ANTICIPATED.**—The "Spectator," No. 241, dated December 6, 1771, describes a mode of communication closely resembling that of the present day by means of the electric wire:—"Strada, one of his prodigies, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain leadstone, which had such virtue in it that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles was touched began to move, the other though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribed it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles in each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas, or deserts," &c.

**THE FATE OF THE GREAT EASTERN.**—A meeting of the shareholders of the Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company was held on Monday to receive a report from the directors. This report proved to be a recommendation that the Great Eastern should be sold by public auction, and that power should also be vested in the hands of the directors to sell her by private contract. After considerable discussion, a resolution, embodying the suggestions of the report in a modified form, was adopted by a large majority. The resolution authorised the directors to offer the ship for sale by public auction if negotiations failed, and also to raise money on mortgage, or by preference shares; but it required that no sale by private contract should take place without the consent of a public meeting of the shareholders.



## DEPARTURE OF THE QUEEN FOR GERMANY.

Queen and the Prince Consort embarked at Gravesend on Tuesday, and a visit to their daughter, the Princess Frederick-William, of Prussia.

The visit to Gravesend was supposed to be private, for in truth the Queen had no official intimation that her Majesty was coming there. It was known, of course, that she would embark from the Tennyson, and as the time approached an official letter was sent to the Secretary of State asking if her Majesty would permit any public demonstration of welcome to be given by the townspeople. In the ordinary course of business this letter was transmitted to Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Phipps, K.C.B., who replied to the Secretary, after a decent interval of days, in a letter containing some packets of clover seed, but nothing more. As, after this extraordinary despatch had been received, Sir Charles Phipps was at Cherbourg, nothing further could be done to the Queen's departure, and we believe the borough was obliged to take public rumour as an authority that her Majesty wished to travel as quietly and privately as possible, and to their demonstration accordingly. At the same time the clover seed fell on no unfruitful ground, and a conviction sprang up that if there was a specimen of the manner in which Sir Charles Phipps handled the Royal correspondence, he had earned his K.C.B. on even terms, if possible, than the public had at first believed.

But nothing could entirely suppress the decorative loyalty of the townspeople, and so it broke forth in such a display of banners, flags, and garlands as must have given her Majesty a good idea of what the town would do if ever she came in state. Altogether, it was a beautiful and creditable display, and, apart from the fact that the Home Secretary was not applied to for the decorations, or the money called upon to do the cheering, it was in all other respects equal to the show so lately made so much of in the streets of Cherbourg. Perhaps the only, though partial, drawback which occurred throughout the day was the rain, for, from seven in the morning till a few minutes before her Majesty's arrival, it poured with such a drenching as we have seldom seen surpassed even on the occasion of the most interesting public ceremonies. Yet even this downpour had no effect upon the attendance of spectators. They thronged the streets and crowded to the pier as if it was regular Queen's weather.

A Guard of Honour, with the band of the Royal Marines, was posted outside the pier, and the streets were kept by patrols of the 13th Hussars. Before nine o'clock all the places were taken, and everything was supposed to be in readiness for the arrival of her Majesty at ten o'clock or thereabouts; but at nine a messenger arrived to say that the Royal train had started, and would reach Gravesend at 10.20. This was alarming news, since it was almost certain that the Royal yacht would not find sufficient water to float her to the pier by that time. However, an effort was necessary, and an effort was made; and not ten minutes before the arrival of the *cortège* the Royal yacht was alongside, with just enough water to float her, and no more.

At all events, she was there; and so the minds of the Corporation were relieved of an intense anxiety respecting what could, would, or should be done if the Queen had to wait for half-an-hour among the crowd on the pier. The route to the pier was densely thronged, and her Majesty was everywhere received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome, which appeared to gratify her extremely. At the pier, in deference to what is generally understood to be the wish of her Majesty when within walls, there was only one great cheer given on her alighting outside. After that, and while inside the pier, the cheering was strictly limited to waving hats and handkerchiefs and prolonged obeisances.

Her Majesty was received by the troops with the usual Royal honours as she alighted. Mr. Troughton, the mayor, at the head of the Corporation of the borough, advanced and respectfully welcomed her, while Mr. Sharland, the town-clerk, presented her with an address, which was at once handed over to Lord Malmesbury. There really was nothing to say in such an address. It contained three short paragraphs. In the first, the Queen was thanked for choosing to embark from Gravesend; in the second, the Town Council reminded the Monarch that they were glad of showing their loyalty when Prince Frederick-William and his spouse were there too; and, lastly, the document spoke of the happiness and comfort of the Queen's daughter.

Her Majesty accepted this address with a smile, and then, accompanied by the Corporation, proceeded down the pier, and went at once on board the Royal yacht, under a salute from Tilbury Fort. While on board the yacht a *souvenir* was handed to her Majesty—an offering to the Princess Frederick-William from the 53 young ladies, who strewed flowers under the young bride's feet on the occasion of her departure from Gravesend. This rather silly offering consisted of a sheet of vellum, on which was exquisitely painted a large true-lover's knot, with the mottoes "England's fairest rose, may every happiness attend thee," and, in German, "We trust our treasure to thee with the greatest confidence." The whole was richly framed and enclosed in a very large morocco case, mounted and enriched with chased silver. There was some doubt as to whether her Majesty could be asked to take charge of this to her daughter, but whatever doubts existed were set at rest the instant the case came on board. Her Majesty examined it with evident gratification, showed it to the Prince Consort, and then took charge of it herself by locking the case and putting the key in her pocket. A few minutes' delay was caused while the sailors got the baggage—an almost endless succession of carpet-bags, umbrellas, and boxes, &c., without which common necessities, it seems, even royalty itself cannot travel—on board the yacht. All was ready, however, by ten o'clock, and at that hour, amid the most deafening cheers, the Victoria and Albert moved from the pier, and flew down the river at her usual pace.

Immediately before the vessel started Sir Charles Phipps came on shore, and requested Colonel Eyre to telegraph the time of the Queen's departure to the Princess Alice, at Osborne; the Duchess of Kent, at Albermarle; the Prince of Wales, at Richmond Park; and the Princess Frederick-William.

## THE NEW COUNCIL OF INDIA.

A Court of Directors was held at the East India House on Monday, for the election of seven members of the Council of India, when the following gentlemen were elected, viz.:—Mr. Charles Mills, Mr. John Shepherd, Sir James Weir Hogg, Bart., Mr. Elliot Macnaghten, Mr. Ross Donnelly Mangles, Mr. William Joseph Eastwick, Mr. Henry Thoby Prinsep.

Sir John Lawrence, who is now on his passage home, has been offered and has accepted a place in the new Indian Council. It is stated that Sir Henry Rawlinson and Mr. Willoughby will also be among the members nominated by her Majesty's Government.

MR. POOLE AND THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.—Mr. Thornton, a member of the Church of England, residing at Harlow, Essex, wrote a few days ago to the Bishop of Rochester, complaining of the "Romish teaching and practices" in the church of that parish, and informing his Lordship that Mr. Poole, whose license has been revoked, preached there on the 4th of last month. In his sermon, he treated the subject of the confessional as a matter of course. The Bishop returned the following reply: "Sir, I have written to Mr. Poole to desire that he will not again officiate in my diocese without first obtaining my permission. I much object to many things which take place at Harlow, but there are difficulties in the way of episcopal interference, from a want of legal power to enforce obedience to my directions. I hope that every husband and father will strenuously resist the attempt on the part of some of the clergy to introduce the practice of confession, thereby obtaining an undue influence over their families, in addition to the moral evil it is calculated to produce."

SEVERED HIM RIGHT.—A young man was on board an American lake steamer with a young lady, to whom he was devotedly attached. She flirted with a passenger, and her conduct made him so melancholy, that he sat for a great length of time with his feet hanging over the vessel's side. At a landing-place, the young lady asked him to go ashore with her, but instead of complying he gave her one look, plunged overboard, and was drowned.

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"How I tamed Mrs. Cruiser" is abundantly illustrated.

Married Man.

Happy Husband.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

HAVING duly condoled with the Company which has executed this noble project, on the occasion of its failure, we have all the more pleasure in congratulating them on its success now. It is a success everything about which has been agreeable: the circumstances, because the weather was bad; the time, because it coincided with the Cherbourg *fêtes*, and therefore displayed its utility the more strongly. It is a good thing, well and happily done, and it is not always that fortune is so favourable to merit.

Posterity, we think, will rank this achievement as the most important and most characteristic of our time. Apart from its special results, it is a kind of embodiment of whatever is most real and practical in our modern aspirations. Literature now-a-days, is generally imitation. Government excites discord, and sometimes contempt; but what is gained by science enjoys a triumph of its own, and co-operates with the movement of the world in a way that nothing else does. Nobody can write a better ode or a better biography than has been written already; but to establish instantaneous communication across the Atlantic is something new; and it is not more new than great. We may look in vain for any single recent event which involves so much in its associations or consequences.

The first feature on which we Britons naturally congratulate ourselves, is the way in which the business was managed. It may be affirmed, without undue boasting, that no continental nation could have achieved the result so soon or so well. To conduct the *Agamemnon* through the delicate and perilous operation, required that *seamanship* which is the boast of our race, as of that of our allies in the work, from the United States; and this is not a matter of machinery. In general knowledge of the powers of electricity, in skill in constructing the fine lines and instruments with which to make it so available, the natives of the Continent may rival or surpass us; but to render these practically useful for the work, required the personal superiority and traditional experience of a high nautical race; and thus the past and the present of our country were acting in harmony when the line was successfully laid in the great sea.

When the natural triumph has been allowed for with which we celebrate the achievement as the fruit of skill, it is natural to ask what results we may hope from so mighty an undertaking? On this point, it is first of all to be said, that all such works have produced fruits which nobody expected, and that therefore a great deal must be left to mere conjecture. Railways, for instance, have created, in one way and another, effects totally beyond the prescience of their warmest supporters. But, at least, it may be predicted of the Atlantic Telegraph (as, indeed, we ventured to predict when it was laying down was first attempted), that it will bind together England and America in two ways. Firstly, it will make diplomatic misunderstandings, and, secondly, it will make commercial crises, less probable than now. Both these phenomena—originate how they may—are largely fed and nourished by the misconceptions which grow up in consequence of the distance between the two countries and their ignorance of each other. Both, therefore, will be more easily controlled when communication is habitual, when it will even have spread (as is perfectly probable) so far that every town in Great Britain will be in easy rapport with every town in North America. It is not, of course, to be maintained that the mere existence of a machine by which we may talk to each other, will immediately make both nations good, pacific, and wise. But, at all events, it will enable the goodness, peacefulness, and wisdom of the countries to exert themselves instantly—to exert themselves with less fear of errors springing up than is the case now—and here will be the moral fruit of the scientific culture which has produced the discovery, and carried it into effect. In that hope—in fact, we may say, in that assurance—we heartily welcome the successful result of this great enterprise; and shall have the highest pleasure in recommending its extension, and in claiming a worthy reward for those who have contributed to its present happy triumph.

## SAVINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY will shortly inspect the Ordnance Department in Southampton, where the trigonometrical survey of the kingdom is carried on.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE goes with his family to Constantinople, on the 20th instant, to take leave of the Sultan. His Lordship and Lady Stratford de Redcliffe propose to winter in Rome.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS has been successfully laid, and communications are now going on between Southampton and Alderney.

THE BROTHERTON MEMORIAL—a handsome full length statue erected in the Peel Park, Manchester—was inaugurated last week.

TEN HORSES were destroyed by fire, the other day, at a farm near Blandford.

A TRADESMAN at NORWICH is said to have patented "egg flour" for consumption at sea.

THE DIGNITY OF A BARON OF THE UNITED KINGDOM has been granted to Sir Colin Campbell, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, and to his heirs male, by the title of Baron Clyde, of Clydesdale. The grant of a baronetcy to Sir John Laird Muir Lawrence is also notified.

A CANADIAN PAPER, in a burlesque blood-and-thunder romance, describes one of the characters as "sinking into the arctaceous soil like the American eagle into a war mania."

THE COLLIERIES OF BARNESLEY had a demonstration, on Friday, in honour of some men who were sentenced to a month's imprisonment for leaving work without giving notice, and whose sentences expired on that day.

A SPARK FROM AN ENGINE on the South Western Railway ignited a field of barley, and led to the destruction of six or seven acres of standing crop.

THE COUNT GABRIEL EROCOLINI has been arrested in Rome, for having been guilty of lending to some persons the Protestant translation of the Scriptures, known in Italy by the name of the Diodati Bible.

THE "BIRMINGHAM DAILY PRESS" (penny paper) has ceased to exist.

THE ROCHESTER MAGISTRATES have sent a small boy, twelve years of age, to prison for one month with hard labour, for the serious offence of stealing eight gooseberries.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY has lately acquired an admirable miniature portrait in oils of Sir David Wilkie, by himself, valuable both for its technicalities as a specimen, and for its faithfulness as a likeness to those who best knew him.

LORD WARD was kicked on the chest by a horse whilst reviewing the Worcester Yeomanry Cavalry last week; fortunately his uniform was thickly padded, and he escaped serious injury.

MR. HUMPHREY BROWN, a director of the late Royal British Bank, on his release from prison made a public entry into Tewkesbury; his cab was dragged through the town by the mob.

THE "HALIFAX (N.S.) SUN" states that Mrs. M'Auley, a Philadelphia lady, went on board H.M.S. gunboat *Styx*, at Halifax, and gave the commander a lecture on his conduct in boarding American vessels.

A LETTER, written by HUMBOLDT, was lately read in one of the Prussian law courts. It excited some sensation from its containing the declaration that "My death will take place in 1859," and that it would be better to postpone a certain publication of his works till then.

THE RECENT FALLING IN OF THE TUNNEL UNDER MOUNT PIZZOFALCONE, in the city of Naples, a work now going on three years, and of public utility, has been attributed by the natives not to the nature of the sandy promontory, but to the "evil eye" of the Duke de V——, whose own horse was swallowed up in the chasm.

AT BIRMINGHAM a fine little girl, while flying a kite from the window, fell into the street, from the height of three stories, and was killed.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT have it in contemplation to make a considerable augmentation in the corps of Royal Engineers, so as to increase that branch of the service to 10,000 men.

MR. PEMBERTON LEIGH'S TITLE is to be Lord Kingsdown, of Kingsdown, Kent.

MR. S. T. KERKICH has been returned to Parliament for South Devon. Mr. W. Egerton is elected for North Cheshire, in place of his father, who resigned from ill health.

"PUNCH" was seized in France on account of the caricature of the "Sphinx," but after twenty-four hours' consideration the order of confiscation was rescinded.

THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. MATTHIAS, RICHMOND, was consecrated on Monday, by the Bishop of Winchester.

SIGNOR POSSINI is said to find himself so well at Paris, as to have determined on giving up Bologna, and establishing himself for the rest of his days at Passy, where he is about to erect a mansion.

A GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY COMPETITION will take place at Eglintoun on the anniversary of the celebrated tournament, when the prizes are intended to be upwards of £100 in value. The contest is to be extended over two days. Archers will be present from all parts of England and Scotland.

THE GOVERNMENT, on the recommendation of a special committee, consisting of Lord John Russell, Lord Elcho, and Mr. Coningham, M.P., has decided on the purchase of Sir George Hayter's immense picture of the House of Commons first assembled after the passing of the Reform Bill.

TWO LAY MONKS OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER were arrested at Liverpool on a charge of begging. Their story was, that their "houses" in Ireland being too poor to maintain them they were begging their way to a "house" in Pennsylvania. On their promising not to offend again, they were discharged.

MR. F. TALBOT, who has been Lord Derby's private secretary for several years, will probably succeed the late Mr. Stevenson as a Commissioner of Customs.

THE DECLARED VALUE of the exports which passed through the Liverpool Custom House in July last was £3,150,116, exceeding by £900,068 the exports of the preceding month.

LORD BROUGHAM cut the first sod of the Eastern Valley Railway, Westmoreland, on Wednesday week.

A REVOLUTIONARY MANIFESTO, emanating, it is said, from London, has been circulated in Poland.

THE REV. A. G. EDOUARD, the incumbent of St. Michael's parish, in which Exeter Hall is situate, has withdrawn his opposition to the Exeter Hall services.

THE DIGNITY OF A BARON OF THE UNITED KINGDOM has been granted to the Earl of Seafield, by the title of Baron Strathpey, of Strathpey, in the counties of Inverness and Moray.

A NUMBER OF THE AFRICANS lately imported by the French Government into Martinique made their escape over to the neighbouring islands of Dominica and St. Lucia. A demand for their restoration made by the Martinique authorities has not been complied with.

THE REPORT that the Jewish community had determined to present the lady of Lord John Russell with "a table and three chairs for her boudoir, all of solid silver," in consequence of his successful advocacy of their cause in Parliament, is contradicted.

A CAPTAIN IN A CRACK CAVALRY CORPS has been compelled to retire from the service by the sale of his commission, for knocking down a subaltern in the same regiment. The quarrel arose about the captain accusing the cornet of being of Jewish extraction, which galled the young man.

SOME CAMBRIDGE STUDENTS who have gone over to France in their own four-oared cutter, have published a challenge to row against any five French amateurs a two or three mile race of the canal at Caen.

TWO PRIVATE SOLDIERS OF THE 13TH LIGHT INFANTRY were flogged at Chatham, on Monday, for mutinous conduct in refusing to embark for India, and inciting others to follow their example. They had fifty lashes, and are to be imprisoned in Fort Clarence military prison, Rochester.

THE REV. DR. WILLIAMS has resigned the vice-chancellorship of Oxford, an office which he has filled for two years. It is stated that the Master of Pembroke College will most probably be the successor of Dr. Williams.

LETTERS FROM THE HAGUE contradict the rumour that the King of Holland has any intention of abdicating.

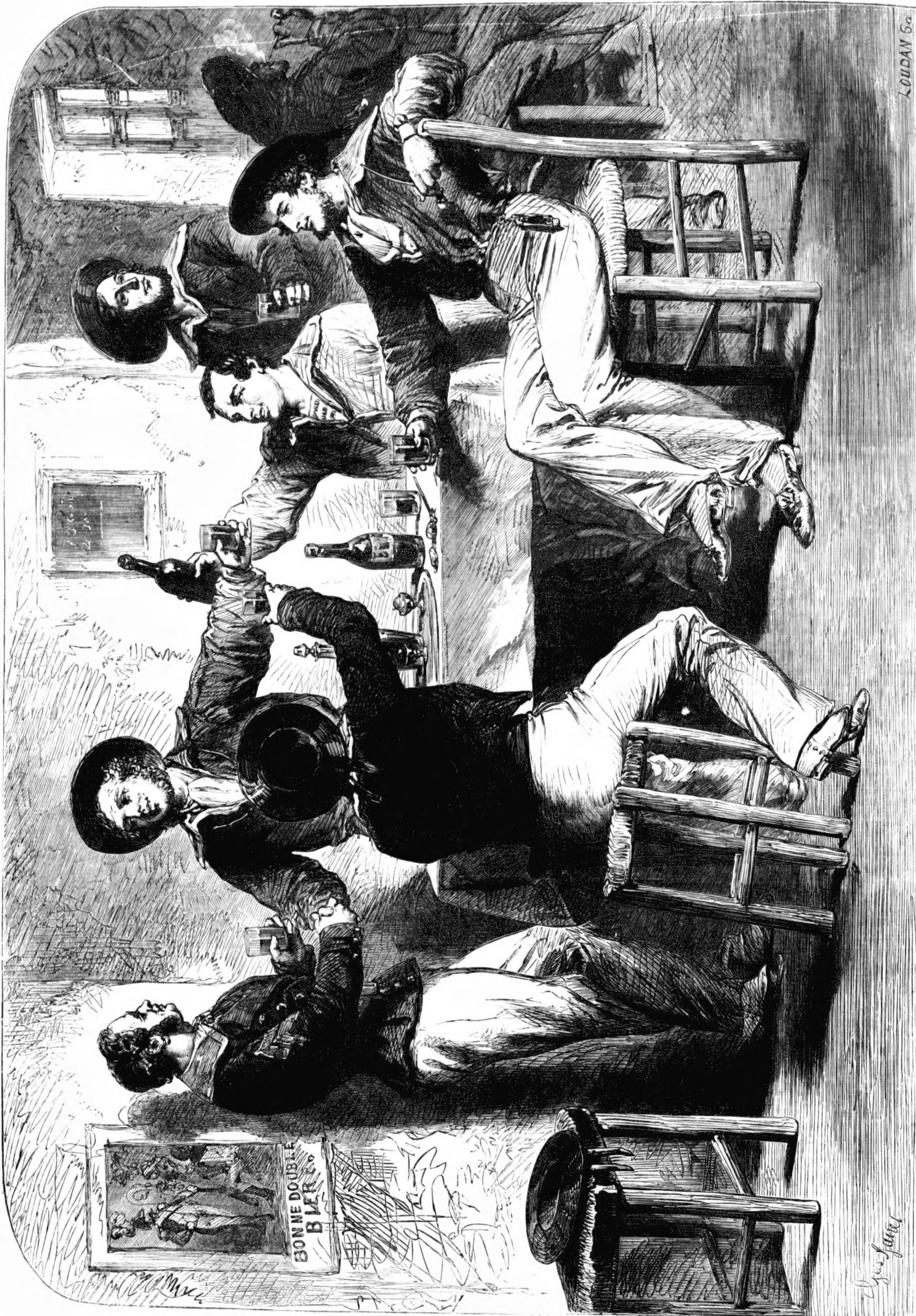
THE AUSTRALIAN HORTICULTURAL AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY is doing great things. The Sydney papers report the proceedings at a grand meeting, over which the Governor-General presided, supported by the leading men of the colony, at which the plans for a model farm of 150 acres were approved. The cost—about £11,000—is to be shared by the society and the government.

MR. HIND, the astronomer, says that the comet discovered by Dr. Donati, of Florence, on June 2, will probably be visible to the naked eye towards the end of September.

TWO FREE NEGROES were sold into slavery for four years, at Baltimore, on the 2nd of July, for larceny—a man for 225 dollars, and a woman for 50 dollars.

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE died on Sunday evening, at Castle Howard, Yorkshire. She was the eldest daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, and was born in July, 1783.





FRENCH AND ENGLISH SAILORS AT CHERBOUR.

LOUDAN 50

W. J. L.





THE CAPTURE OF PAUKIA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY MR. WATSON, ENGINEER OF THE GENERAL INDIAN RAILWAY.)



## THE ATTACK ON BAREILLY.

THE capture of Bareilly by Sir Colin Campbell was attended by a remarkable episode which we have illustrated on the preceding page. Among the matchlock men, who, to the number of 800, were lying behind the walls of the houses, was a body of Ghazees or Mussulman fanatics, who, like the Roman Decii, devote their lives with solemn oaths to their country or their faith. Uttering loud cries, "Bismillah, Allah, deen, deen!" 130 of these fanatics, sword in hand, with small circular bucklers on the left arm, and green cummerbunds, rushed out after the Sikhs, and dashed at the left of the right wing of the Highlanders. With bodies bent and heads low, waving their tulwars with a circular motion in the air, they came on with astonishing rapidity. At first they were mistaken for Sikhs, whose passage had already somewhat disordered our ranks. Fortunately Sir Colin Campbell was close up with the 42nd; his keen quick eye detected the case at once. "Steady, men, steady; close up the ranks. Bayonet them as they come on." It was just in time, for these madmen, furious with bhag, were already among us, and a body of them, sweeping around the left of the right wing, got into the rear of the regiment. The struggle was sanguinary, but short. Three of them dashed so suddenly at Colonel Cameron that they pulled him off his horse ere he could defend himself. His sword fell out of its sheath, and he would have been hacked to pieces in another moment but for the gallant promptitude of Colour-Sergeant Gardiner, who, stepping out of the ranks, drove his bayonet through two of them in the twinkling of an eye. The third was shot by one of the 42nd. Brigadier Walpole had a similar escape; he was seized by two or three of the Ghazees, who sought to pull him off his horse, while others cut at him with their tulwars. He received two cuts on the hand, but he was delivered from the enemy by the quick bayonets of the 42nd. In a few minutes the dead bodies of 133 of these Ghazees, and some eighteen or twenty wounded men of ours, were all the tokens left of the struggle.

RELIGION IN INDIA.—On Saturday a deputation of gentlemen connected with various societies carrying on missionary operations in India, waited upon Lord Stanley, eliciting from his Lordship an explanation of his views and intentions in reference to the future policy of the Indian Government in relation to Christianity. The Hon. A. Kininraid introduced the deputation. In reply, Lord Stanley said he apprehended that what the Indian Government had always intended was to act upon the principle of holding itself aloof from all questions involving merely differences of opinion in matters of theology. Of course it did not mean that if native ideas came into collision with the universal, and he might say the everlasting, rules of justice, those ideas should be respected. As regarded the expression "religious neutrality," the Government construction of which the deputation expressed themselves anxious to ascertain, he apprehended that what was meant was, that no steps should be taken, directly or indirectly, to give to the opinions of Europe an apparent preference over those which were found existing in the country. There was great difficulty in discussing a question of this kind on general principles, but what the Government had intended to assert on this subject was that the sphere of government and the sphere of theological belief were absolutely and entirely separate. What the Government meant by "neutrality" in the matter of religion was neutrality as regarded the action of the Government, neutrality as between the theological tenets of a Christian nation, and the theological tenets of the natives. They did not mean to say that in matters of justice as between man and man, or in matters in which scientific truth was brought into contrast with ideas previously existing in the country, they were to sacrifice their own principles and opinions, except so far as prudence might dictate.

GENERAL THOMPSON ON MAHOMETANISM.—In a recent letter to the "Bradford Advertiser," the Gallant Member for that town says:—"If the thing be possible, the plan would be to bring up an Indian Mahomet to the table of the House as was done with a Hebrew yesterday. It has all my life been my fate to start hares which were run down at last; and so it may be now. The subject is enveloped in much vulgar ignorance; but this is only a reason why those who are neither vulgar nor ignorant should move. Will any friend, in the habit of attending to passing events, direct me to the Bishop who during the Crimean war, when there was an interest in conciliating the Mahometans, said Mahometanism was an offshoot of Christianity, or words to that effect? We are not to lose an empire because men below the degree of a bishop are stupid and cannot read Arabic. This may not be exactly the place for entering on all the subject might lead to; but it shall be ready when the place is found. Meantime, I testify to having talked theology with Mahometans of the rank of sovereign prince, and with the chief agent or Cardinal Legate at Jidda of the Sheriff, or Mahometan Pontiff, who lives forty miles off at Mecca, and found them more liberal and tolerant than any Christians of mark I can point to, save only the estimable Father in God before referred to. The ignorant in all religions are bloodthirsty animals; but there is no need why the ignorant should rule, and others stand the damage. The times are over when men will fight about creeds, except for the liberty of them."

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—The object of the Medical Bill, which has passed both Houses of Parliament, and so escaped the full of every previous medical measure during more than a quarter of a century, is to enable persons requiring medical aid to distinguish qualified from unqualified practitioners. For this purpose, a General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom is to be established, and branch councils for England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively. The general council is to consist of eighteen members, of whom one is to be nominated by each of the medical corporations, and six by her Majesty. All medical practitioners are to be registered in a form according to their respective qualifications—the register to be published annually, on the 1st of January, under the title of "The Medical Register." Every person registered under the Act is entitled to recover charges for professional services; but as the colleges of physicians have a peculiar antipathy to the privilege of suing their patients, this being an ancient distinction between a professional man and a tradesman, those institutions may pass a bye-law to the effect that no one of their fellows or members shall be entitled to sue in any court of law, for such charges. Suitable penalties are provided for the fraudulent assumption of titles and other false pretences. Amongst the aristocracy are many believers in homeopathy, hydropathy, and other new lights, and it was on behalf of such modes of practice that the following proviso was introduced into the section, relating to the erasure of names from the register:—"Provided always, that the name of no person shall be erased from the register on the ground of his having adopted any theory of medicine or surgery."

THE CROPS.—The "Agricultural Gazette" gives upwards of 200 reports of the crops from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. They generally declare the wheat crop to promise a full average yield, though likely to fall considerably short of last year's extraordinary produce. Barley and oats are both exceedingly various; the former is not likely to yield a very good quality of grain, and both are probably under average as to quantity. All late sown spring crops have suffered exceedingly from the unusual drought and heat of spring and summer. There is a singular uniformity in the gloomy accounts received of the crop of beans and peas. Swedes and turnips have suffered from the drought and dry, and have to a large extent been rescued. Mangold wurzel promises a satisfactory yield. Hay has been rather a short crop, but made in excellent order. The harvest is from ten days to a fortnight earlier than usual. Of potatoes, excepting one or two reports from Essex and Kent, favourable accounts are received.

DEATH OF M. SOYER.—M. Alexis Soyer, so deservedly famous for his labours in the art of gastronomy, died suddenly on Thursday week. As one of those who have greatly contributed to break down the absurd and wasteful system so common in English kitchens, and to train up a class of cooks whose knowledge extends further than the common feat of boiling "a thousand pounds of meat a hundred hours to make one basin of broth," M. Soyer is worthy of mention and regret. We believe, too, that the military kitchens which he superintended in the Crimea were eminently successful, and his memory will linger, associated with the recollection of many a well-cooked meal, in the mind of the British soldier.

A PRINCELY FIRE-EATER.—General Fleischman lately explained certain passages in a work of his, which had been called in question in a threatening letter from Prince Pierre Napoleon; adding that though he could have meant no offence, as he was ignorant of the Prince's existence, yet, as the latter was so anxious for a duel, he (the General) "notwithstanding his advanced age" would not disappoint him. The Prince has replied in an epistle, for which he is obtaining the utmost publicity, to this effect:—"Your letter tends to rectify certain passages of the memoirs of which your advanced age did not prevent you from becoming the responsible editor. I was not aware of that age when I wrote to you. At Levy's, your public in active service, and aide-de-camp to the King of Wurtemberg army, that may be, you are ready, you say, to give me satisfaction. I adhere, then, to my first letter. At all events you have a son who is able to supply your place. I accept him beforehand, and I wait from either of you an indication of my opponent and the seconds."

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

No one wishing to give to a friend, unversed in modern periodical literature, an exact notion of the present state of "Blackwood's Magazine," could hit upon a happier number than this for August, which appears to me to combine nearly all "Maga's" characteristic peculiarities. For some time before his death, Professor Wilson abandoned the habit of calling Whig authors "lice," and other gentlemanly epithets, made additionally refined by being wrapped in an almost unintelligible and wholly unpronounceable Scotch jargon; and since his death, the Magazine has forged on in a very creditable, gentlemanly, easy-going way, occasionally a little rabid on politics, occasionally talking nonsense about the superiority of Edinburgh to London, and Scotland generally to England; but on the whole offering a very fair amount of mental *pabulum* to those who do not mind paying half-a-crown for a slight literary refectory, and who have an affection, linked with old memories, for the buff-coloured octavo with its dreary-looking portrait of old Buchanan on the cover. It must not be forgotten that the best novel which has been issued for the last five years, the "Scenes of Clerical Life," first appeared as a serial in "Blackwood;" and that there, and there alone, are to be found evidences of the varied reading and quaint natural humour of the Rev. James White, of the experience and dashing spirit of Colonel Hamley, of the clear, vigorous thought and slashing sarcasm of Aytoun, and of the stilted metaphysical pedantries, combined with so much talent, of the "man that wears the stars." But those whom I have named do not write very frequently, and the ordinary numbers of the Magazine are filled with weak, washy, wire-drawn novels, the sweet platitudes of Mr. Samuel Warren, occasional pages of science made pleasant by Mr. G. H. Lewes, occasional good reviews, occasional pages of third-rate poetry, and occasional pretty, slightly-pedantic, not-much-meaning, chip-in-porridge-ish essays, in that style of writing of which the "Sketcher" papers by the late Rev. J. Eagles, may be looked upon as the type. There is one of these essays in the present number. It is called the "Bye-ways of Literature," and the first two pages have nothing to do with the subject, but tell us how the writer, having business in Canterbury, had five or six hours to spare, dared not trust his (or her?) own thoughts, and was rather bored by a restless child. It is a pleasant plan, this modern one of essay-writing, this easy gossip over personal every-day matters. We don't want the writers rigidly to stick to the subject with which they have headed their article; we want to be amused. Did not the great cynic of the day tell us how all the four-and-twenty numbers of the "Newcomes" came into his head while he was in Switzerland "walking in a little wood with his children;" and does not Mr. G. A. Sala, the most picturesque essayist of the day, entirely quit the subject he is treating to descend upon dogs that he meets, little tunic that he wore when a child, and friends and enemies whom he should like to kiss or kick? To return to "Blackwood," we find that the Canterbury pilgrim, in sheer ennui, invests sixpence in certain cheap publications, before commencing the perusal of which he prosed for a long time over the cathedral which stands "a solitary patriarchal presence, silent and half sad, more like the work of nature than of man," and when he does revert to his recently-purchased periodicals, he sneers at them as "unauthoritative, undignified, unlearned broad sheets, which represent literature to a great portion of our country people, despite of all the better provision made for their pleasure." Yes, actually! the "London Journal," the "Welcome Guest," and the "Family Herald" have a larger circulation, and are more generally known, than "Blackwood's Magazine," to thousands. John Cassell smacks more of literature than Professor Aytoun, and G. W. M. Reynolds is preferred to Samuel Warren! This is "staggerer number one," as Mr. Swiveller has it, but "staggerers number two, three, four, five, and six," come shortly and with terrific rapidity on each other's heels. On going through his purchases, the Blackwoodsman is utterly astonished—no indecency! no blasphemy! good grammar, proper punctuation, excellent English, and all for a penny! He can scarcely believe it! It is too ludicrous, this assumption of superiority by certain writers over others, simply because their productions sell at a higher price. *Au reste*, the Blackwood article is cleverly and impartially written; like Mrs. Gamp, gives credit where credit is due, in describing the "Welcome Guest" as "without doubt quite above the level of its competitors," and administers a lofty rebuke to the writers who inculcate their principles through the columns of the "Reasoner." Other good papers in this number of "Maga" are a notice of the Royal Academy, clever and practical, with which is ingeniously combined a dry-towelling for Mr. Ruskin and his new disciple, Mr. Tom Taylor; and a favourable and spirited review of Mr. Kingsley's "Andromeda."

The "Irish Metropolitan Magazine" progresses well, and seems to have a fair chance of a prolonged existence. It is solid without being heavy; while the sporting element, which has now been judiciously toned down, will have attraction for a certain class of readers. The essays on "The Romance of Art," and the "Beauties and Blemishes of Milton," evince good taste and good reading. The stories are the weakest portions of the Magazine; with the exception of the "Irish Brigadesman," they are very common-place and dull. The author of "The Lady's Last Stake" surely trifles with our powers of belief, when he tells us that a Scotch baronet was so shocked at an Irish gentleman proposing for his daughter, that "two days afterwards he was discovered in the forest of Stair, a jabbering maniac!"

It is impossible to get blood from a stone: it seems equally absurd to attempt to get sense from a mayor. On a man who was brought before Sir Robert Carden was found a "prophecy," procured by payment of one shilling from the Hermit at Cremorne—arrant nonsense, of course, full of "the conjunction of Venus and Mars," and the usual technical jargon of the fortune-tellers. The City Solon was horrified at the sight of the paper, and expressed his belief that the knowledge of the existence of such business being conducted at Cremorne might cause Mr. Simpson to lose his license! An officer was sent off at once to Chelsea to communicate these observations from the bench to the licensed victualler. Now, what utter twaddle is all this! People go to Cremorne to be amused, and the visit to the Hermit is as much a part of the day's fun as the maze, the fireworks, or the dancing. Surely even Lord Mayor Carden cannot be idiotic enough to imagine that the recipients of the prophecies actually pin their faith on the Hermit's predictions; but he is a fussy old woman, not blessed with sufficient sense to avoid exposing his folly by holding his tongue.

The death of M. Soyer is much to be regretted. He was a charlatan to a certain extent, it is true, but he was undoubtedly clever in his profession, earnest, energetic, kind-hearted, and humane. He has done much good in improving the soldiers' food and cooking, and would have done more had he lived. With his portly figure, rubeund face, and close-cropped white hair, he was not unlike his countryman, the Duc de Malakoff. He was scarcely fifty years of age, but looked much older.

Will the "Beefsteak Club" continue, now that its great supporter and constant chairman, the late Mr. Stephenson, is dead? One may almost hope not; it is an obsolete, by-gone institution—a relic of *autres temps* and *autres mœurs*. Steaks, stout, and port-wine are all good things in their way; but their flavour is not improved by being eaten in the society of dull old gentlemen, whose stories are broader than they are long, and with whom ribaldry means wit.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

MR. LEIGH MURRAY has appeared at the Lyceum, in Mr. Wigan's character in "Still Waters Run Deep." He looks strong and well, and plays with great spirit. Mr. Widdicombe, the low comedian from the Surrey, is also at the Lyceum.

The Haymarket company are at Manchester. The Strand company are also in the provinces. The Olympic closes on the 20th instant, after a highly-successful season. A new drama by Mr. Wilkie Collins, in which Mr. Robson's peculiarities have been specially provided for, will be produced early next season.

## Literature.

*The Wayfarers; or Toil and Rest.* By P. M. LATHAM. London: Bell and Daldy.

VICTOR and his family live in a Pyrenean village. Victor's grandfather had left England after the expulsion of James II.; but though an upholder of the Stuarts, he was at the same time a Protestant, and that faith has been preserved by his descendants. At the commencement of the story, Victor is serving with the French army in the north of Spain, just on the other side of the mountains. The sound of firing is heard, and Anna, his wife, with Pierre and Roland, his children, are praying for the officer's safety, when, towards the close of the day, tidings of victory are brought by a soldier whose face is blackened with smoke, his eyes bloodshot, and his voice husky. "Can this be one who has good news to tell?" thinks Pierre. And the boy is right in his forebodings, for at night-fall his father is carried in mortally wounded, and has scarcely time to bless his family and communicate to them his last wishes before he dies.

The scene is still in the Pyrenees, and Anna and the children, in accordance with the injunction of Victor, have gone to live in the vicinity and under the care of Count Eustace La Roche, his intimate and sincere friend. The book is written earnestly and truthfully, and is full of beauty, but it is also sad—rather sadder than life itself. The bereaved Anna finds a ready sympathiser in Agatha, Count Eustace's sister, who is lamenting her mother and a love which this mother has tyrannically interfered with. On her death-bed, however, Agatha's parent regrets and retracts the ban she had set upon the union of her daughter with Philip de Montmorency. But the patient and obedient Agatha has been so thoroughly schooled in adversity that it seems to matter to her but little whether happiness or misery befall her; and when Philip as length re-appears, she displays such a thorough self-control, and such a readiness to sacrifice her love to the merest shadow of duty, that the author seems to take a positive pleasure in misfortune; and we begin to suspect that "the world would not if she could be gay." Or perhaps Agatha is really a representative of one of those women who fancy they are virtuous where they are only cold, and who, because they have no heart, find it an easy matter to conform to the conventional system in which they have been brought up. Listen to this good young lady on the subject of love. "There was a time," said Agatha, "when I had a selfish love, a dream of this world. How long it lasted, whence it came, and whither it went, I scarcely know; for it seems to me now as if it had never really been, save that the remembrance still lingers and that I am not what I was." Is not this consideration towards Philip Montmorency, a gentleman who has been faithful to her for seven years? But "there is always more or less of self," says this philosophic angel, "in overmuch regret or care." Nor is "the gentle Agatha" deficient in that coquettishness which always belongs to the character of a thorough prude. Let us take the scene between her and her Philip, when, after seven years' absence, he suddenly appears in true melodramatic style, "dusty with travel, his cloak threadbare, his cap drawn over his face, his beard untrimmed." But melodrama apart, he loves her, and does not deserve to be trifled with like the hero of an evening party. Miss Agatha, instead of telling him at once that there is no longer any obstacle to their union, informs him that her mother is no more, but that "her mother's word is her law"—thus leading her lover to believe that there is still an insuperable difficulty in the way of his happiness. "Is the word of a mother binding in the grave?" "I believe so," replies the pure, ice-hearted creature; and it is only by degrees, and not until after considerable delay, that she condescends to explain to Philip that there is no particular reason why they should not be married at once. But "the hope fulfilled must be His gift, and she would not stretch forth her hand to pluck the golden apple if she could." "I could not set the seal to my own destiny as well as to yours," she said to her lover, "with deep emotion."

At last Montmorency asks whether he must serve another seven years for his wife, like the patriarch of old. "God knows, Philip," is the reply; "but let us hope, as you say." Let us indeed hope, as Philip says, that they were at last united, though in the last lines of the book we are merely told that "what further befel Agatha St. Eustace is written in the annals of 'La Roche,' but not in this volume."

Let us now, in explanation of the character of Agatha, quote the words used by the author in introducing her to the reader. "The wondrous and beautiful simplicity in the character of Agatha partook in some degree of that of the simple people among whom her lot was cast. Patriarchal in their manners, the authority of the parent was handed down from father to son in the light of a divine law which cannot be broken." This patriarchal system extended itself to the lord or seigneur of the district, "who dwelt amongst them as the father of his people, and whom they considered themselves bound to honour by every tie of love, duty, and respect." The character of Count Eustace is very well drawn, as is every one in the book, including even Agatha, though we confess we do not feel the respect and esteem for the young lady to which the author evidently thinks her entitled.

Grandclamps, the steward, who has that love of power so generally characteristic of persons that have but recently acquired the means of exercising it, is a good type; and we have two interesting village beauties in Lisette, his daughter, and Elise, the slightly frivolous daughter of the industrious Jeanne Bellecour. Here is an excellent scene (which suffers, however, from being detached) between Jeanne, Elise, and Etienne, the young girl's lover. Etienne, we must premise, is a sportsman, or rather a chasseur, in a country in which shooting is a serious occupation.

"Will you serve me and be a son to me, then, Etienne, as you love and serve that musket by your side now?" said Jeanne.

"If I say I will, I will do it."

"I know you will. But think on the matter, for you cannot serve two masters. You must learn to say nay to your musket before you wed my daughter."

"Not altogether."

"Perhaps not; perhaps not so often as if you had been Gaston's helpmeet instead of mine. But think on it, Etienne; for to wed is to say 'I will' with all your heart, or it ought to be, and young folks do not always think of that. Elise, child, do you hear? Will you do your part, if Etienne does his? Will you give up your lady-ways here, and be a poor man's wife? Will you give up the thing you love best for him?"

"I don't know what thing that is, mother, unless it be Etienne."

"Then follow the chase, my son, until you can say the like of her. You shall have a home with us whenever you like."

"I say it now, mother."

Jeanne got up, and, leaving them together, was far on her way back ere she was overtaken by Etienne.

"Let me call you mother from this time forth."

"And you my son."

The descriptions of Pyrenean scenery, without being introduced at any great length in any one part of the book, are very effective, their value being naturally enhanced by the moderate use that is made of them. Finally, the general tone of the book, sad and severe as it is, is on the whole healthy, while the aim of the writer, which is to inculcate the dignity and value, temporal as well as spiritual, of labour, is in the highest degree commendable. "The poor man," says the author, "seldom counts it as a blessing; the rich man living at ease—never. The proud man curses his humble lot; the humble man labours for that which is not in his, and compasses by craft the fruit of the hateful task he would fain avoid; but the good man accepts it with thankfulness as the antidote of a greater evil. But some there are like Etienne, who can only labour for the kind word, and many more, like Antoine, who sink under the yoke of the oppressor; a few who, like Jeanne, love labour for its own sake; and a very few who, as the boy missionary, early see their calling, and work right on to it." The glimpses we get of the life of the boy Pierre are interesting and instructive, but the scenes in the "Wayfarers," though following in succession naturally enough, are not grouped together so as to enable us to give an abstract of the general story.



*1. Butterfly Vivarium; or, Insect Home. By H. NOEL HUMPHREYS. London: William Lay.*

Book is described by the author as "an account of a new method; the curious metamorphoses of some of the most beautiful insects; comprising, also, a popular description of the habits of many of the insects of the various classes referred to for the successful study of entomology by means of a Vivarium." It is not a scientific essay on the subject of insects, nor even an introduction to the study of entomology; the author merely contented himself with stringing together a number of unconnected anecdotes; but he has sought, while describing many of the interesting aspects of insect life, to explain at the same time the order and method of arrangement by means of which the habits of creatures forming the insect world have been named, grouped and grouped into homogeneous families, so as to facilitate their study to the naturalists to methodise, in an orderly and easily-remembered form, all the successive discoveries of those who have made progress in the history of their particular study.

Mr. Humphreys, as it appears to us, is entitled to all the thanks due to the natural due of him who endeavours to replace dull, slimy, and disgusting, by the most beautiful and varied forms of life and the reign of marine slugs is, at last, at an end; and the corner stone of late been reserved in every house claiming to be a house, the very lowest class of the oceanic population—the mere dregs of the earth to be devoted to fairy-like butterflies—the "historians," as Wordsworth calls them, "because the sight of one of these creatures, with wings pale white as a summer snow, and so exquisitely illuminated, like the glowing haze of a painted sky, never failed to recall to him the joyous time of childhood, when the sight of a butterfly makes an impression on the imagination that is never forgotten." The butterfly, as Mr. Humphreys well says, "is like the insect of flowers." "It feeds on the sweet perfume of flowers, and revels in their delicate perfumes, and seems to breathe towards them, almost like another flower, so petal-like are its wings and its body wings." Accordingly, the little (crystal) house which is proposed to erect in every house for the accommodation of butterflies, would be a sort of conservatory for winged connoisseurs and connoisseurs.

As to a short account of a butterfly vivarium as proposed by Mr. Humphreys, and of which Plate II. of the coloured engravings accompany his interesting little book represents the interior of the group of butterflies is the brilliantly-coloured Peacock butterfly—*Vanessa Io*—whose wings (remarkable for their *ocelle*, or eyespots) were assigned by the Greeks to Psyche. Specimens of this native insect, in the caterpillar state, are to be found on the leaves of nettles, and some of the nettles must be placed in the room for them to feed upon. The small blue butterfly in the same plate is one of the genus "*polyommatus*," or "many-eyed." He eats the leaves of lucerne, and has a brown wife. In the same vivarium with the blue butterfly and his brown wife, is an hermaphrodite of the same genus, who has one brown wing and one blue. The appearance of the

ENGLISH VERSUS AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.—While we in this country have been making the question of a railroad to the Pacific a political one just as we do everything else, our great rivals in trade and enterprise have been preparing to give vitality to the same idea. English capitalists have had their attention turned to the subject, and have gone to work to find out the best route. Already their surveyors are in the field, mapping out a line from the western shores of Lake Superior, through the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, to Vancouver's Island. The recent discovery of gold on Fraser River will give a fresh impetus to the enterprise, by convincing capitalists that it will pay; and we may, therefore, expect, while our sectional politicians and party schemers are mutually blocking up the game on each other, to hear of the organization of an English company, with an immense capital paid in, ready to go to work, build the road, colonise the now solitary tracts of Rupert's Land, and gain all the advantages for the line which should have accrued to us. We are in the habit of deriding Britishers and vaunting our superior progress and enterprise, but one thing is certain—that whatever great public work Englishmen undertake they carry out well and thoroughly. No lack of capital ever allowed to stand in the way of its completion. The readiness with which 2,500,000 dollars was subscribed to the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise—the success of which was so doubted—is an evidence of it. Another evidence of it is the building of the Leviathan—equally problematical as a paying speculation—at a cost of two or three times that amount. Then there is the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, built chiefly by English capital. These are proofs of liberality, forethought, and enterprise of the monied men of England; and the Pacific Railway will now come as the completing link in this chain. When Jefferson Davis discoursed to the people of Portland, the other day, on the Pacific Railroad, he little thought, we dare say, of the position which that town was so soon to occupy in connection with it. The Leviathan is to run to Portland, as being the nearest suitable port to Canada. From Portland there is a splendid line of railroad to Montreal. The Grand Trunk line extends across the province, and with it will be connected the Pacific line. Thus the trade of the great East will have to pass through British possessions, and thus will they secure to themselves the monopoly of that magnificent commerce which it has been the aim and object of all powerful nations, ancient and modern, to obtain.—From the New York Herald, July 19, 1855.



## MR. BERNAL OSBORNE AT DOVER.

THE Member for Dover, and late Secretary to the Admiralty, addressed his constituents on Friday evening in one of his funny speeches. He said, among other things, that "the last general election was based upon a false issue. There was then a cry of 'Palmerston,' which I think meant in the minds of those who started as candidates for the favour of constituencies upon the credit of his name, simply this:—'Every one for himself, and Palmerston for us all.' That was the prevailing sentiment at the time, and it has been, I am afraid, but too literally carried out; for having watched the progress of affairs in the present House of Commons, I am disposed to believe that a great many persons have been admitted to seats in Parliament on the faith of the cry which I have just mentioned who entertain no decided opinions, who are latitudinarians in political principle, who are indifferent to party ties, and who, like all Parliamentary sinners, are animated but by one strong feeling—a horror of a dissolution."

As to the new Ministry—"they hold office simply by a tacit abandonment of their creed—a thorough abnegation of their political faith. It is composed of materials so exceedingly squeezable that you may wring anything out of them you please. It can, I think, be best defined as a Ministry which effects change without progress, and makes concession without grace. In short, for I like plain speaking, I believe a Conservative Ministry to be nothing else but a gross imposture."

When they assent to measures which, year after year, they have opposed, not for common fiscal reasons, but on religious grounds, their followers sit by the while, their arms quietly folded, grumbling a little now and then, of course, keep office, and call themselves a Conservative party, although their leaders are passing Radical measures. . . . There was, indeed, one measure which caused a little grumbling among the old Tory school—I mean the leather breeches and top-boots school. The Property Qualification Bill was passed into a law; but the bill was, after all, a mere sham, for it was accompanied by a measure which was introduced in a most invidious manner at the far-end of the session, and the operation of which will be so to increase the expenses at elections that, notwithstanding the property qualification may be abolished, it will be utterly impossible for any man to contest a county especially—unless he happens to have a large balance at his banker's. Now I, for one, have no wish to see Parliament converted into a sort of rabbit-warren for the rich; I am, on the contrary, desirous that it shall be open to all classes; and because it is a measure, such as that to which I have just alluded, I am most strenuously opposed to it. It involves a retrograde principle. Well, I have given you an instance of Conservative measures involving change without progress—let me now furnish you with an example of concession made without grace."

Mr. Osborne, then, having gone over the history of the admission of Jews to the House of Commons, said, in reference to the Jews' bill—"I can feel a sort of modified respect for the sincere intolerance of Messrs. Spooner and Newdegate; I prefer their consistency to the shabby tergiversation of some Conservative converts. . . . I must say I am



NORMANDY WOMEN IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

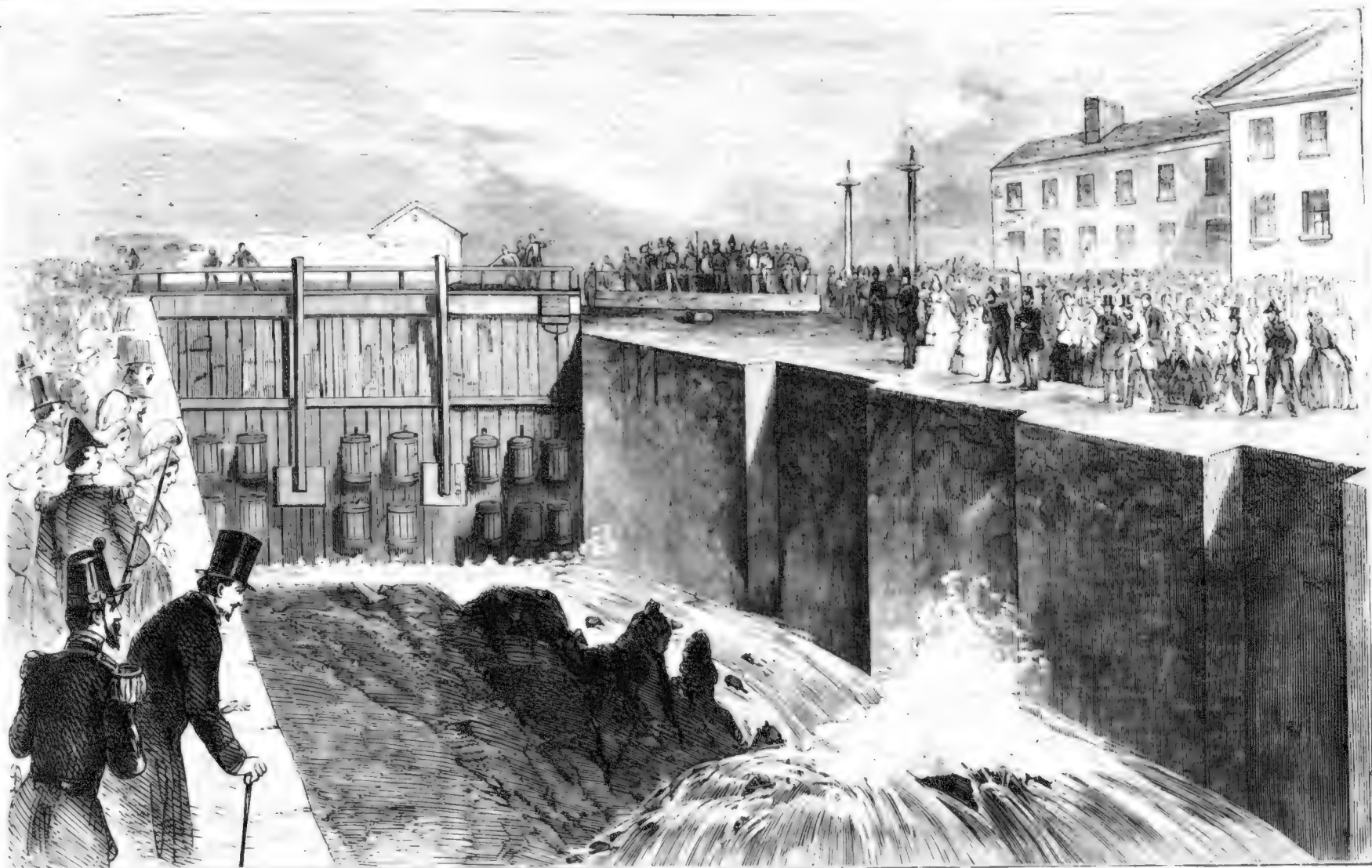
disposed to give no credit to Lord Derby for support of the measure. It has been thrown as bone to a dog, and not passed as a reasonable concession to reasoning beings. We shall, however, further next session, and do away with that procedure by resolution."

Touching the promised Reform Bill, Mr. Osborne said:—"We are, it seems, to have a Conservative Reform Bill. What the nature of that measure may be it would puzzle a conjurer to divine. I were inclined to indulge in the language of prophecy. I should say that I think it improbable the Ministry will again meet Parliament as it is at present constituted. The Cabinet appears to be divided into two different sections. On the one hand you have what may be called an advanced section, which consists of Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, and Sir J. Pakington, while upon the other you have what may be termed a drag-chain, in the shape of the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Mr. Henley. . . . Now great differences prevail in the Cabinet between father and son, and when they commence to quarrel nobody can predict where disagreement may terminate. For my own part, I look upon Lord Stanley as being the best and most liberal member of the Ministry, and I hope to see him at some future day at the head of a Liberal Government in this country. He is no Conservative; he has no sense of that kind about him; nor do I believe Disraeli to be a Conservative. Indeed, my opinion of that Right Hon. Gentleman is that he will do whatever you press him to do; and I have no doubt that he, Lord Stanley, and Sir J. Pakington will eventually quit the company in which they now find themselves. But I am curious to see what this new Reform Bill will be. It is laid down by a writer somewhere that every man in the course of his lifetime eats a peck of dirt (Laughter.) Now, if that statement be true of men in general, it is, I think, perfectly evident that every member of the Conservative Cabinet must have swallowed at least four pecks of dirt in the course of the present year. (Great laughter.) They may, at all events, eaten all their own professions, and that, beyond all doubt, contained a very large proportion of that commodity, judging by the past. I know not what they may do—they may effect something of a revolutionary character; indeed, I would not be surprised to hear at any moment that Lord Chelmsford some fine morning stormed Buckingham Palace at the head of the Grenadier Guards. However, bad as they may be, I must, should I bring in a good Reform Bill, give my support to that measure, much as I may despise its authors. Having said this much with respect to the Conservative Ministry, it is due to the great Liberal party that I should not pass it over altogether without notice. It is now unfortunately like that noble river, of which mention was made in the Queen's Speech, in a state of decomposition. But though that may be the case, I for one do not despair of the advance of Liberal principles. They are in the ascendancy; but if I may be allowed to give a hint to the party by which they are upheld, I would say to them that in order to become a compact body, they must get rid of all private jealousies and personal piques. The old Whigs and the modern Liberals must unite together, for without union we are but as men of straw."

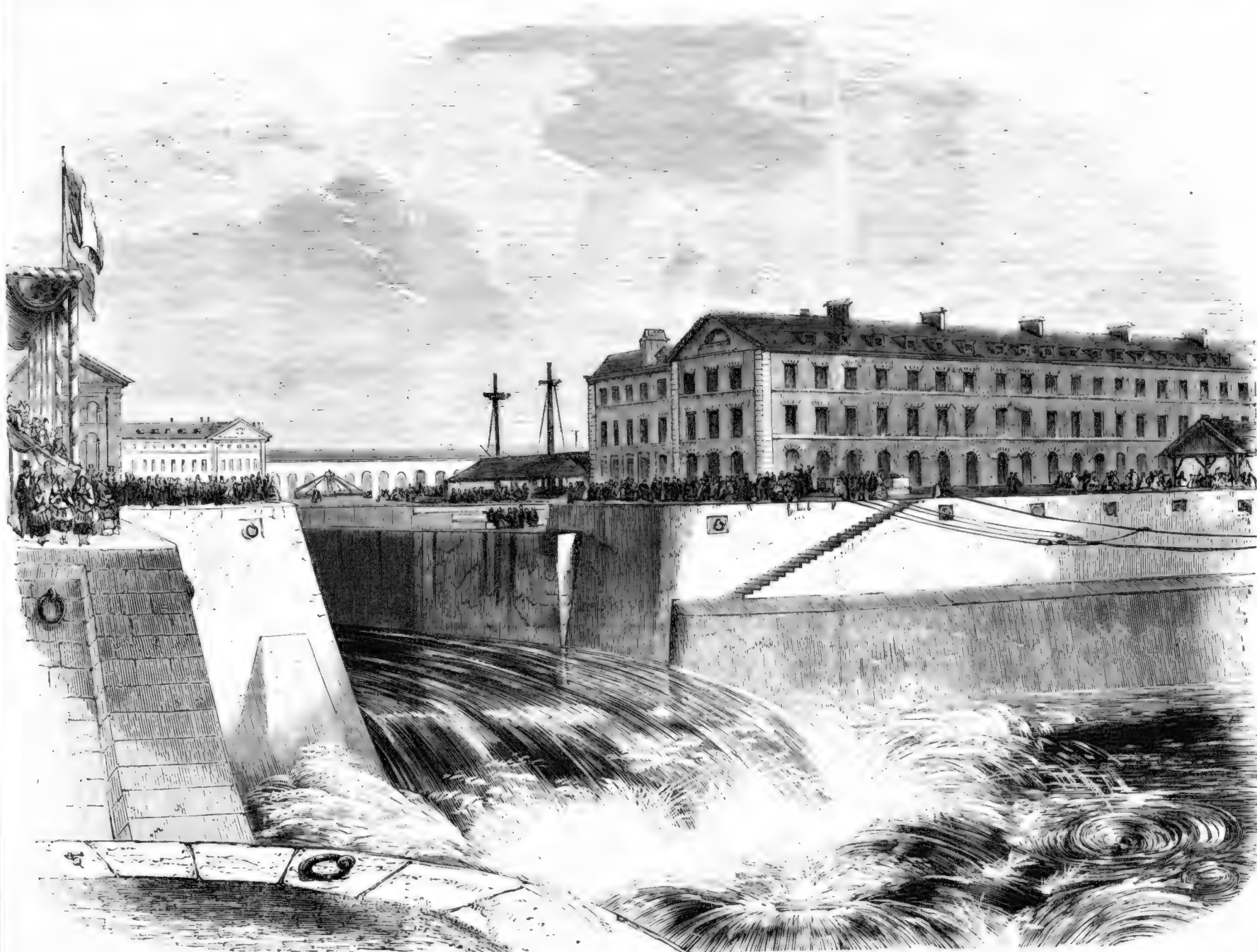


THE EMPEROR CONDUCTING HER MAJESTY OVER THE FORTIFICATIONS ON ROULE HEIGHTS.





FLOODING OF THE NAPOLEON BASIN: DESTRUCTION OF THE SAND-BANK.



COMPLETE FLOODING OF THE NAPOLEON BASIN.



## OPERA AND CONCERTS

MADemoiselle TITIENS has returned to Vienna. Mademoiselle Piccolomini has started, or is on the point of starting, for the United States. Signor Giuglini, we believe, is retained for "the provinces." Madame Albani stays in England for the festivals. Signor Benevanto—but, unfortunately, we have not heard what locality is to be favoured with Signor Benevanto's presence.

However, Mr. Lumley's company has dispersed, and Her Majesty's Theatre is closed. The last performance took place on Saturday, when the faithful "Traviata" brought the manager another of those crammed to suffocation houses, which she has procured him since the engagement of Mademoiselle Piccolomini. The popular little prima donna threw the audience once more into the ecstasies from which it has suffered periodically during the last two years whenever the "Traviata" has been performed. Certainly she did not sing well, nor did she act with taste, but she both acted and sang with effect, and produced a strong impression upon her hearers, who, we fancy, must hear for the most part with their eyes. They allow themselves to be carried away by the singer's youth, vivacity, and evident—too evident—desire to please. The audience likes Mademoiselle Piccolomini because Mademoiselle Piccolomini likes the audience, and on each side there is a certain amount of misplaced affection. But why should we try to disturb the touching confidence? Let us merely chronicle the fact that the most successful singer who has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre since the days of Jenny Lind was quite as successful the last night of her second year's engagement as she was the first night of her first.

As Mademoiselle Piccolomini had all the honours of the "Traviata" to herself, a special opportunity was given to Signor Giuglini in Balie's ballad "Tu m'amit" ("When other lips"). The arduous rôle of Arline (which in this scene is that of a *personage muet*) was not taken by Mademoiselle Piccolomini, because Mademoiselle Piccolomini does not like parts in which she has nothing to say, nor do such parts become her. But a lady was absolutely brought on to the stage for Signor Giuglini to sing to, and very admirably did the popular tenor sing to her. There was applause for the tenor almost equal to the previous applause for the prima donna, and the unfortunate vocalist was pelted with bouquets till he must have felt ashamed of himself. What can Signor Giuglini want with bouquets, and what can the infatuated audience mean by throwing him such things?

Madame Albani has had no grand last appearance, nor do we remember to have seen her very much pelted with bouquets since she has been at Her Majesty's Theatre. She is such a great singer that the management must have felt how absurd it would be to make her the heroine of any horticultural display. Let us hope that with one or two exceptions we may meet all the members of Mr. Lumley's company next year, supported by a better orchestra, and a better chorus.

"Zampa," at the Royal Italian Opera, is not a great success, but it is admirably played. The management has done its best, and so have the singers; but it is impossible to make an audience appreciate an opera for which they have no natural taste. It is a noticeable fact that, with the exception of "Masaniello" and "Fra Diavolo," no French opera has ever met with much success in England. Several have been produced, and have been listened to without disapprobation, but they have never taken hold on the affections of the public, as the works of some of the Italian composers, and especially of Bellini, have done. Even the two French operas we have named, successful as they have been, have owed a large portion of their popularity to the facts that one of them—"Masaniello"—is written as little as possible in the French style, and that both possess excellent tenor parts (when "Fra Diavolo" was one of the most popular pieces in the English operatic repertoire, it was customary to omit nearly all the music except the three airs for the tenor). "Zampa" is not even Herold's best production. His master-piece is certainly the "Pré aux Cleres," though we doubt whether the Italians would distinguish themselves much in the simple, unpretending music of that charming work. "Zampa," on the other hand, has long been a favourite opera in Italy, and the Italians have played it more than once in England. Some years since it was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre for Fornasari the baritone; but, in the Royal Italian Opera version, the chief part is assigned to a tenor, Signor Tamberlik. The original representative of the principal character, M. Chollet, was neither tenor nor baritone, but something between the two.

Signor Tamberlik has all the interest of the opera (such as it is), and all the most attractive music, to himself. The other vocalists have to distinguish themselves as best they can in the concerted music, with the exception of the soprano, who, in the first act, has perhaps the most melodious "couplets" that occur in the opera.

The part of the soprano was taken by Mademoiselle Parepa, a young lady who may almost be considered a *débütante* as regards the Royal Italian Opera; for although she has sung with great success at the concerts of the Royal Italian Opera company, at the Crystal Palace, and appeared last season at the Lyceum, in the "Puritani," the production of "Zampa" was the first opportunity that has presented itself for her appearance on the stage of the new theatre. There are dozens of parts in Italian operas which would have suited Mademoiselle Parepa, or any other accomplished Italian artist, better than that of Camille in "Zampa"; but the young vocalist acquitted herself of it remarkably well, and sang admirably the few things of interest that fell to her share. Her voice is fresh, melodious, and powerful, her intonation is sure, her execution facile; therefore, as soon as Mademoiselle Parepa has a good part, we have no doubt Mademoiselle Parepa will achieve a great success, and she has already proved herself to be a most valuable member of Mr. Gye's company.

Signor Tamberlik, as Zampa, made a rather absurd personage interesting and effective, and sang the drinking song with chorus, and the well known couplets of the second act, with much taste and infinite spirit. Still the audience would not applaud until the tenor treated them to some of his extra high notes, when, of course, their delight knew no bounds. It is no doubt very entertaining for them, but it must be terrible work for Signor Tamberlik's larynx.

The orchestra was admirable—thanks to which the overture was encored on each of the two nights that "Zampa" was performed. It is easy to account for the absence of encores in this piece—not a matter for complaint, by the way. The best airs are all exceedingly long. An audience will encore a single verse or even two verses, but three verses are found quite enough without repetition.

**TRAVELLING EXPENSES OF VOTERS.**—The following provision on the travelling expenses of parliamentary voters appears in the new act to continue the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, which has just been printed:—"It shall be lawful for any candidate, or his agent by him appointed in writing, according to the provisions of the first mentioned act (17th and 18th Victoria, cap. 102), to provide conveyance for any voter for the purpose of polling at an election, and not otherwise; but it shall not be lawful to pay any money, or give any valuable consideration to a voter, for or in respect of his travelling expenses for such purpose; provided always that a full, true, and particular account of all payments made for such conveyance, signed by the candidate or his agent, shall be delivered to the election auditor, with the names and addresses of the persons to whom such payments have been made, and the amount of such account shall be included in the general account of the expenses incurred at any election to be made out and kept by such election auditor." Already has a notice of motion been given to repeal the clause as it now stands in the new act.

**THE EMBEZZLEMENT AT WREDDON.**—Mr. James Sutton Elliot, late senior military storekeeper at Wredden, has been arrested in New York, at the suit of Her Britannic Majesty's Secretary of State for the War Department, on the charge of having embezzled the sum of £3,223 belonging to the British Government. Mr. Elliot arrived in the United States from England, on the 5th of June, accompanied by an actress, Miss Sinclair. He had deserted his wife. After his arrival in New York, he travelled about to the different watering places, expending money with a lavish hand. Mr. Elliot is described as "a fine, portly Englishman, of about fifty years of age, five feet nine in height, with venerable gray hair, including whiskers and moustache, which are nearly white."

## LAW AND CRIME.

THE Rev. Charles Vansittart married, in the year 1845, a Miss Busk. The lady's position appears to have been, pecuniarily, at least, equal to his own, inasmuch as her father settled upon her £5,000 on her marriage, and agreed to give her £150 a year for life. The Rev. Gentleman, in addition to securities for £1,000, also settled £5,000 upon his bride. The lady's moral and intellectual qualifications were judged of by a letter written by the happy bridegroom, two days after marriage, to Mr. Hans Busk, his wife's brother; which letter has been published under the somewhat remarkable circumstances we are about to detail. "I am," writes the Rev. Mr. Vansittart, "I am the happiest of mortals—too happy, I am fearful. Oh, Hans, you little know what a treasure I find Rosalie! How immeasurably she is my superior in all things! . . . Your sister is so pure, so modest, so calm, so quiescent, so lady-like, so perfectly angelic, that I tremble at the moral responsibility I have undertaken in swearing to love, honour, and obey such an angel. . . . We read every morning and evening a chapter of the Greek Testament together, and we both of us read every day together. . . . I am the happiest of mortals," as aforesaid. The companion epistle to this is of a later date, namely, August 1849, and is from the lady herself to her brother. The truth of her husband's eulogy upon her calmness and quiescence is strikingly exemplified in the first sentence. "My dear Hans—I really think I shall be obliged to trouble you to speak to Charles about his behaviour to me." The mild tone of this exordium scarcely prepares for the horrible details which follow. The Rev. Charles has begun a system of intolerable annoyance upon his unfortunate wife, in respect to the money settled upon her, which he now desires to get into his own hands. He has expounded to her his views upon the holy sacrament of matrimony in a terse sermon, asking her how she dared to talk of her money, that it was all his, and that all he or anybody else married for, was for the sake of getting money with their wives! The lady mildly replied, "That is a strange confession; but, for the present, I think we had better change this subject, as I have no desire to quarrel about that or anything else." The scene that followed hereupon had better be described in the lady's own words:—"Upon this he flew at me like a tiger, seized me by the arms, and tried to throw me down. I managed to keep on my feet, and then he dragged me to the door, and trying to open it, kept screaming out that he would turn me out of doors. I kept against the door to prevent his opening it, in order to keep the affair, if possible, from the servants, and he kept on shaking me, and at last began kicking me with all his might, and did not leave me until he had given me one such blow in my side with his foot that I only stopped him by saying that he would be answerable for another life besides mine if he did not desist, and indeed, as it is, I have felt so giddy and sick ever since, that I greatly fear he may have done me a more serious injury than he will like to answer for. His object, too, I fear, is pretty evident, as he always chooses the times when I am in a similar condition for his most violent behaviour; but I must say he never before went to such lengths as he has to-day." The brother, upon receipt of this letter, sought the Rev. Charles Vansittart, and encountered him upon Waterloo Bridge. It was not unnatural, under the circumstances, that Mr. Hans Busk should carry a horse-whip, or that he should repel the hypocritical cordiality with which the "happiest of mortals" offered his hand. Mr. Busk, however, only reproached the Reverend Gentleman for his misconduct; whereupon the clergyman, plucking up that insolence which in debased minds stands in place of courage, said that his interlocutor had no right to interfere in his family affairs—that he was master in his own house—that no one had a right to meddle with him—that he wished his wife was dead, as then she would have no more children, which he detested. Mr. Busk, in a rage, raised his whip, but was prevented from letting it fall where it ought to have fallen by another sudden transformation of the "happiest of mortals." This time he assumed the image of an abject, terrified, imploring coward, with tottering knees and clasped hands, begging for a remission of more physical pain. The spectacle he afforded was of such utterly contemptible meanness and misery that his intending antagonist forbore to strike. It may be painful and humiliating to be horsewhipped, especially when the sufferer deserves it; but not to be horsewhipped, to escape the well-merited infliction by the display of sheer animal terror, furnishes such a spectacle of human humiliation as no novelist (not even Mr. Thackeray, who has drawn one or two scenes somewhat approaching this) has ever ventured to present. It is even an unpleasant idea to dwell upon, so let us leave him, as Mr. Busk did. Mr. Busk, however, threatened to lay the matter before the bishop, a threat which led to a grovelling letter in terms of repentance and affection addressed by the Reverend Gentleman to his wife. The bishop was nevertheless informed of the facts, and upon his remonstrances, in whatever form they may have been presented, the clerical gentleman writes to his father-in-law:—"My dear Sir,—Will you receive a penitent son back to your affections? I thank Hans heartily for having brought before the bishop all my unhappy history. For the future, it will be my study to do everything to please Rosie, and will forego card-playing, flirting, and other unclerical amusements." The nature of the "unclerical amusements" here hinted at was illustrated some time afterwards, when the clerical gentleman, having been reconciled to his wife, was found to be carrying on highly improper relations with a young woman, daughter of one of his own parishioners. A separation was then arranged, and Mr. Vansittart agreed to allow his unfortunate wife £120 per annum. This he violated by suddenly absconding, and taking with him two of the "children which he detested," less, as it would seem, from any purpose of parental affection than for that of inflicting a calamitating crushing misery upon their mother, "so calm, so quiescent, so lady-like, so perfectly angelic." He has since returned. And now, the reader may feel naturally inclined for information as to how all these circumstances happened to come out in a court of justice. Has Mr. Hans Busk, or any other honestly indignant gentleman, bestowed upon this disgrace to humanity the procrustean thrashing, and been prosecuted for the assault? Has the matter been brought before any ecclesiastical body with a view to Mr. Vansittart's removal from the ministry? Has the case formed an incident in the series of horrors disclosed through the medium of the Court of Divorce? Has he caused the death of his wife, and been tried for manslaughter? Have his parishioners risen in riot, dragged him through a horse-pond, or ridden him upon a rail? No, none of these things. The Reverend Charles Vansittart yet lives unthrashed, unprosecuted, still a clerical gentleman, with an especial leaning moreover towards wax candles, floral altars, Mr. Bennett, and "Tracts for the Times." He has not even been charged before a magistrate for his little outbreak in pulling the nose of an attorney, who must have been a man also of calm and quiescent disposition, having preferred his remedy by civil action to other means of redress. The legal proceeding on which the facts we have detailed were given in evidence, was simply an action brought against the Reverend Charles Vansittart by a lodging-house keeper, beneath whose roof Mrs. Vansittart had received board and lodging, for which the Reverend Gentleman, after a vain attempt at repudiation, will have to pay the sum of £58 17s. and costs, if the verdict of the jury at Guildford, on Friday last, produce its anticipated result.

One of the oldest magisterial decisions ever brought under public notice was delivered last week. A young gentleman of respectable connections and unblemished character was charged with gross acts of indecency. He appears to have been about to perform a female character in some private theatrical entertainment, and perhaps not caring to carry his intended costume to his own house, hired a lodging temporarily for the occasion. Here he was accustomed, on his return from his business, and in the fancied seclusion of his own apartment, to take off his masculine habits, induce himself in feminine apparel, and rehearse the movements necessary to sustain the assumed character. Now, although he previously drew down the window-blind, it seems that the window-curtain below the blind was in reality a mere sham, being of crocheted work. It might appear opaque enough to a gentleman within at night, with a candle in his room, but was nevertheless transparent

enough to those without, and a number of rude boys and a frequently assembled to view the fun. This excited the curiosity of female inmates, who contrived by means of holes in the door to know of what the "Times" calls "travelling Jack's" proceedings, and this they appear to have done not once, but on several occasions, possibly to their own great gratification. What was quite over, and the gentleman, in his proper attire, was taken to Marlborough Street on a charge of indecency, one would have thought was on the part of the magistrate thought so far differently as to enquire the defendant, after a remand, the gentleman was last week sentenced to three months' hard labour! It is satisfactory, however, that his defence is in the able hands of Mr. St. John, and notice of appeal has been given against this most extraordinary verdict.

On the other hand, Mr. Baron Watson has administered a check to the detestable system of *espionnage* ("thank Heaven, the thing!"), which has recently come somewhat into vogue. A disguised policeman was handcuffed and sent into the cell charged with burglary, and while there obtained, as he deposited the evidence of the self-confessed spy and sneak, whom he rescued to the adverse notice of the county magistrates, and the jury of the accused.

The practice of putting up horses for sale, *à la carte*, and "reserve," but actually under a secret reserved price, has been the subject of recent correspondence in the "Times." An action, upon this point, was tried at Warwick before Mr. Justice Collyer. The last bidder, before the owner, who "laughed in," tendered the amount of his own bidding, and this being refused, an action against the auctioneer. The learned Chief Justice, in favour of the *bona fide* bidder, with liberty, however, to move Court upon the legal point. As this is clearly set forth, in accordance with the decision, in the authoritative work on "Vendors and Purchasers," by the present Lord St. Leonard's, it is somewhat improbable that the verdict will be impeached upon this ground.

## THE DARLEY MURDER.

JAMES ATKINSON, who murdered his sweetheart last week, made a statement before the Knaresborough magistrates. Does the murder he said:—"We walked on until we got to Stung Bottom, and when we got a little way up she took her arm out of me. I wanted her to put it in again, and she would not. I told her I would not be happy until I married her. She thought we could not be happy, she was sure we could not be happy. She told me I should be badly to her. I said if she would marry me, I would be content with her; I could not be content without her. She said we had better have a little bit. I told her many times I could not part from her unless I did something with her. I told her I thought there was something else she wanted, and I could not bide any one else to have her. She said we could both do without one another a little bit. Then I told her of her as she was walking by the side of the road. She was all while awkward with me, and would not go on quietly. I stopped where she was, and told her I would murder her if she did not go quietly with me. She said, 'It's all false, you only want to make me believe so.' Then I took her by the throat, and tried to choke her. She cried out when I took her by the throat, and I thought she was dead. We then got up and walked on a little bit, and I pulled out my knife, and showed it to her. She cried out, 'Let's go home, Jim.' I went home, Jim. Then I seized her, and cut her throat, and she died. It's all my mother, Jim—it's all my mother that's caused this disturbance.' She cried out, 'The Lord help me,' three times, to the best of my recollection, and then she fainted away, and I left her to go home, Jim. I went into the fields, and wandered about, perhaps an hour or a half, and a half. I laid me down, and thought I would go and tell my parents, but I could not go. I then thought I would go to her again, and I went back, but when I got a little way up the lane my heart failed me, and I couldn't go to her. Then I got over the other side into the field on the other side. I took the knife out of my pocket again and opened it, and I put it in a wall-top, after which I took across the fields home to a little dam of my father's, to wash the blood off my hands and face. I then crossed another field home. When I got home my father and mother were up. I did not go into the house. I went into the shed where the carts were, and sat me down until I thought they had all gone to bed. Then I went into the house. I could not eat any supper, and went to bed. I could not rest all the night. I got up in the morning, and told my brother, as he told you. I have nothing more to say."

Atkinson was committed for trial.

**FARMER AND SHEEP-STEALER.**—At the petty sessions of the New Bedford District, Gloucestershire, on Friday, Rees Jones, a farmer, was committed for stealing a lamb from the flock of Mr. Joseph, whose farm adjoins the prison. Mr. Joseph's lams had often been missed; and one of them, with its owner's mark on it, was recently seen among Jones's sheep. The animal was subsequently found with every appearance of this mark, and was made with pitch, having been removed, and the mark was Jones substituted. The lamb could not have strayed, as the farm was rated by a high fence. The prisoner is a man of considerable property.

**MURDEROUS ATTACK.**—On Thursday week two brothers, named Jem and Jack, under the influence of liquor, ran a muck in the streets of Wolverhampton, with their sticks, and wounded several persons by striking them with the dangerous tools. In arresting them, a policeman, named Parris, got severely wounded, and is confined to his room.

**COUSAGERS.**—A somewhat uncommon capture was made at Stoke Newington, the case of Sir Henry Bromley, on Saturday week. The Baronet and his family were from home, and the hall has been under the care of the housekeeper, a housemaid, and two or three men servants. On Saturday evening, when the housemaid was securing the windows of the room, Lady Bromley appeared, she saw a man skulking behind an easy chair. She at once closed the door and ran to the housekeeper, who returned to her. The man was now in a passage. The woman chased him up and down the stairs; and, coming up with him, the housekeeper seized him by the collar, and, with the help of the housemaid, dragged him down the stairs into a room, where the former managed to secure him, while the latter fetched the coachman to her help. The man was given into custody.

**AN EXECUTION.**—James Seal, murderer, was hanged at Drury Lane on Tuesday. The culprit was tried on the 24th ult., before Mr. Baron Alderson, for the murder of a young woman named Sarah Ann Guppy. Alibots, and also for having set fire to the house in which his victim was confined. The prisoner is a very young man, not having reached his twentieth birthday. For some time he denied that he had had anything to do with the attack; but when he was informed that the day of execution was fixed, he made a full confession of his guilt to the chaplain. He said that the house with the full intention of murdering the unfortunate girl, he threw her down, placed a razor to her throat, and pressed it with both hands. "She bled a good deal, made a ghastly noise in her throat, moved her feet, and died directly." The murderer's struggles on the gallows, after the bolt was drawn, were equally brief.

**ATTEMPT TO SHOOT A MAN THROUGH A KEYHOLE.**—At Ryehill, in the Townley, a blacksmith, of Summit, near that town, was engaged attempting to shoot John Atherton, tailor, through the keyhole. The shop is at one end of a row of houses, and Atherton's house is at the other. A clear spring of water, used by the residents of the row, having been polluted by Townley cooling his hot irons in it, Atherton quarrelled with him, and they had quarrelled about it some time. On Saturday night after supper, Atherton removed from the table, and was filling his pipe, when a gun or pistol was discharged through the keyhole of the door, the charge passing within twelve inches of striking the wall opposite, while a considerable portion of the floor on the floor, Atherton instantly put on his shoes, ran out, and was running away. Townley has been committed for trial at the assizes.



## THE MURDER IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

Two persons were murdered, an old man and an old woman, at the Cottage Inn, in the hamlet of Coombe, Somersetshire, on the 11th of April. John Bucknell was shot dead in the cellar of his house, and Mary Bucknell, his wife, was hacked to death in her bed. They kept the Cottage Inn, to which was attached a small farm. The son of this aged couple was employed by them on the farm, and at the house of his father. On the morning of April 11, a stranger who lived near heard the report of a gun, and the noise of a bustle. Going out he found John Baker Bucknell, the son, who volunteered the remark that he had been calling the old man, but could not make them hear. He came by appointment to the grandfathers, and go with him to Bridgewater to buy pigs. The interview with the carpenter, John Baker Bucknell sought the father, who had gone about his work, and finding him brought him to the Cottage Inn. Mr. Morris, a farmer, was also called in, and a man was sent for. Morris and the young man's father went into the house; but the grandson got in by climbing over the wall and dropping into the courtyard. Then the bodies of the victims were discovered, one in the cellar, the other in the bed. The place had been ransacked. Silver spoons were lying about, and a recently discharged, was found behind a door. A magistrate, and constables; and then subsequent investigations brought to light a number of important facts. Outside the house, a bundle with blood on it, was pulled out of a rick. A bundle was some fagots. In it were two pairs of sugar tongs, a five-shilling note, a brooch, a key, a letter, and a knife. The handkerchief, and the knife belonged to John Baker Bucknell; the note was plundered from the house, and the key was the key of the front door which had been locked on the outside. Strange to say, a letter with which the old man was killed could not be found. The body, however, had been discovered to warrant the arrest of John Baker Bucknell, and he was sent to the Somerset County Jail.

The question whether he did commit the murders was tried at Wells Assizes on Monday. He was on the spot; he knew that his aged relatives lived alone; he knew the old man rose early; he proved himself that he could get into the house at pleasure; he had reason to believe that his grandfather had forty pounds in the house. Some days before the murders he had some blasting powder, saying that he wanted it for "Miss Jackson's chickens," who had the pip—a falsehood. He had also gone to Smith's shop, and had there filed a small piece of iron, and carried it away with him. He said he had gone up a ladder and looked into the bedroom where his relatives slept, but could see nothing; yet when Mr. Magistrate King went up he distinctly saw the bed, and someone in it. These were strong facts. Yet young Bucknell did not behave like a murderer. He assisted the constables in making their searches, and led them to the spot where the bundle was found. But there was not a shadow of evidence against any one else; a verdict of guilty was returned against him, and he was left for execution.

## EXTRAORDINARY MURDER.

LAST week an inquest was held at Clevedon on the bodies of two children who were drowned there by their mother. The following statement was made by the mother to the superintendent of police, to whom she gave herself up:—

"On Monday morning last my husband was cool to me, in consequence of my not having paid some taxes. We had a few words, and I told him I would leave him, and he said I had better go. I remained at home with my children that day, and my husband on his return that night appeared cool, and did not speak kind as usual. On the following morning I got up and prepared breakfast for my husband and two children, and we breakfasted together. He was then kind to me. On leaving the house to go to work he kissed the two children, and after he was gone I dressed both my children and I took them out, with a view to carry out my threat of leaving him. I went to the Bristol and Exeter Railway station in Bristol, and took tickets for Clevedon, and left with my children by the ten minutes to three train, and arrived at Clevedon about four o'clock that afternoon. As soon as I got to Clevedon, I went to a shop near the railway and bought a tart and some gingerbread for the children. I then walked about Clevedon till eight or nine o'clock, and then went into a beer-house near the Bristol Hotel and had a glass of beer. I then walked about the town and round the beach till about ten o'clock. I sat on a seat facing the water, and my two children went to sleep in my arms. I walked down the sands and met the tide with my two children in my arms. I walked some distance into the water, and then threw myself down with the children into the water, and the children all sleep in my arms. I then got up, leaving my two children in the water. I went and sat on the beach to see if my children washed ashore. I waited some time, but never saw them afterwards. Before I went into the water I put my bonnet and mantle on the sands at the edge of the water. I also wrote a letter to my husband, which I placed upon the beach. I then walked away, and had not gone far when I saw two boys standing, with a light, at a stable door near the spot. I heard the boys say, 'That woman is mad,' but I did not speak to them. I walked on the road to Ashton."

The woman's husband, a painter named Williams, said he had been married about four years, and he and his wife had lived happily. He did ask her on Monday about a rate which she ought to have paid, and she told him that the man was going to bring a receipt. Witness could not at all account for her having committed so desperate an act. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder."

**SUPPOSED MURDER.**—The body of a man has been found in the Grand Surrey Canal, with all the marks of murder on it. The hands were tied behind the back with some webbing used by shoemakers, and the legs at the ankles with a large blue handkerchief; there was a severe wound on the face, and a terrible bruise on the left temple. The deceased is apparently about sixty years of age, of very strong frame, and rather inclined to corpulence. In a spectacle-case in his pockets was a small piece of writing-paper, on which was written: "Mr. Alfred Johnson, Stevedore, Graham Street, Port Phillip."

**THE FIREWORK EXPLOSION.**—The Coroner's inquiry into the late explosion of fireworks in the Westminster Road terminated on Friday in the following verdict:—"That the deceased children, Sarah Ann Vaughan Williams and Ann Caroline Bridges, died in consequence of burns received by the explosion at a firework manufactory in the Westminster Road on the 12th ult., carried on by William Bowyer Bennett, and this jury find a verdict of manslaughter against the said William Bowyer Bennett, for having unlawfully carried on such manufactory contrary to the statute of the 5th and 10th of William III., cap. 7. This jury cannot separate without expressing their anxious hope that the proper authorities will take measures to prevent the recurrence of such calamities for the future." Mr. Bennett was held to bail, himself in £100, and two sureties of £50 each.

**INTERESTING LIBEL CASE.**—At the Guildford Assizes an action for libel was tried against the proprietors of the "Athenæum" newspaper. Their defence was that of describing certain curiosities called "pilgrims' signs" made of lead, and purporting to have been found in the mud of the river, as fraudulent imitations got up for sale. A Mr. Eastwood held that the article was levelled at him, as he had become possessed of a large number of these articles believing them, as he alleges, to be genuine antiquities. They were acquired in a singular manner. A Mr. Edwards bought them of a "Bill" and "Charlie," two "shore-rakers," who had them from an expedition. Two Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries declared that in their opinion the curiosities were genuine. Mr. Justice Willes instructed the jury that the article complained of was not a libel. It had been laid down by one of the sages of the law that what a man said honestly and bona fide in the course of a public discussion on matters concerning the public interest, no matter even if he spoke rashly, and what he said was not true, did not constitute a libel. He must show distinctly that the libel complained of was levelled at him, and to no other person. It would be a new doctrine, indeed, if it were to be held that any person who said that all lawyers were liars might be sued by every individual lawyer in the kingdom; and it appeared to him, therefore, that the plaintiff must be non-suited. The jury adopted this view, and found for the defendants.

**UNFORTUNATE ESCAPE.**—The Bremen ship *Margaleni*, which arrived at Liverpool on Saturday from New Orleans, reports that on the 10th of July a vessel was seen in an open boat fourteen feet long, having been driven on shore two days, from the wreck of the brig *West*, Captain Bordington, of Boston, from Galveston to Liverpool. The brig went ashore on the coast of Florida, and the sailor does not know what became of the remainder of the crew.

## POLICE.

**ALLEGED EFFECTS OF A DREAM.**—Robert Newman, a pipe-maker, who has been in custody ten days on a charge of committing a murder, was examined on his wife by cutting her on the head with a hatchet, was again examined on the same charge. It was stated that the prisoner and his wife were on amicable terms, and that the assault by him was the result of a dream, and that while dreaming under some strange hallucination the prisoner jumped out of bed, seized a small hatchet, and with it several wounds on her head. The two sisters of the injured woman were called as witnesses, and given different features to the statement before made, and represented the extreme of cruelty. They said the prisoner had been in the habit of knocking his wife down, and that they had frequently seen her with black eyes, caused by his violence.

A certificate of the present precarious state of the unfortunate sufferer was here put in, and it was said that it was quite impossible she can survive many days.

Mr. Norton remanded the prisoner, and directed the officer, on the next examination, to produce some witnesses who were said to have been present when the prisoner struck his wife.

**MURDER WITH A WOODEN LEO.**—Michael Murphy, an itinerant musician with a wooden leg, has been examined at the Worship Street police-office on a charge of killing Elizabeth Simpson, a woman who lived with a workman at the docks as his wife. She was drinking late at night with Murphy, who was excessively intoxicated, and some quarrel arose between them. The man then knocked the woman down in the street, and kicked her with his wooden leg so severely about the head that, after lying for a day or two, she died. Murphy has now been committed for trial.

**WIFE-BEATING.**—Jeremiah McCarthy, a labourer, was charged on a warrant with the following atrocious brutality to his wife.

The assault was committed on the 10th of July, and the complainant, a young woman, stated that she was still suffering from the injuries she had received. She lived at 1, Earl's Place, Vauxhall Bridge Road. On the day mentioned, her husband came home and kicked and beat her while she was in her room, promising that he would not touch her if she did it. She at length consented, "I have got you now," attacked her most brutally. He knocked her down, and kicked her while she lay on the ground, from the shoulders to the ankles. He then left her in a shocking state, and she had nothing to eat all the next day. She was obliged to have a doctor, as she could scarcely move, and had been ill ever since.

Her husband was sober at the time.

Mr. John Hunt, of Tachbrook Street, Pimlico, the medical gentleman who had attended the poor woman, proved that the whole of her person, from head to foot, was covered with contusions. He described it as the worst case of the kind he ever saw.

William Walsh, the complainant's father, also proved the amount of injury she had received. He spoke to defendant about it, inquiring how he could treat his wife in such a way, when he replied he could not help it.

Defendant said he had had a drop of drink at the time, and she knocked him down first.

The wife was recalled, and denied the assertion in the most positive terms.

Mr. Painter said it was a most brutal case, and committed defendant for the full period of six months, and required him to find sureties for his good behaviour for three months afterwards.

**HUSBAND BEATING.**—Mary Rush was charged with beating her husband, whose face was disfigured by her violence.

A neighbour was attracted by the complainant's cries of "murder," and on going to his abode, in St. George's Place, Pimlico, found him lying on the ground, and the defendant by his side, with a shovel in her hand, with which she declared she would split his head open. He was subsequently found by the police lying near his house, bleeding profusely from the face.

It was stated that the defendant and her husband had a very unhappy life, and that about a year ago he was brought to this court for assaulting her.

A witness also proved that the husband was a quietly-disposed man enough, but that she would not let him be quiet.

There was a second charge against the defendant for abusing and striking Mrs. Wood, another lodger in the house. She also said defendant was a most provoking woman, whose tongue was never at rest.

Defendant denied everything that was said against her.

The husband wished to withdraw the charge of assault, but urged the magistrate to hold her to bail to keep the peace.

This was accordingly done, and she was further fined 20s. for assaulting Mrs. Wood, and in default committed for twenty-one days.

**SEIZURE OF AN ILLICIT STILL.**—William Moore, a washing machine maker, residing at No. 174, High Street, Borough, was summoned before Mr. Combe, charged with having a concealed still on his premises, and working same.

An officer of the Excise said, he went to the premises occupied by the defendant, on the 5th of June last, in the afternoon. Witness found on the first floor a still in full work, a large quantity of water in casks, and some spirits. There was a door in the room which connected it with other premises, so that there was another entrance up the court at the side of the house.

Mr. William Henry Jones, leather dresser, of High Street, Borough, said he let the premises to the defendant about a year ago, and could not get any rent from him. About two months ago he put in a distress for rent, and then found the still. He immediately gave information to the Excise.

Mr. Combe said it was a very bad case, and should fine the defendant £50, or three months' hard labour at Wandsworth.

**WHY NOT FINE?**—A dashing young fellow, of about twenty-six or twenty-eight, evidently intoxicated, came before Mr. Baddon, in a very pompous style, and taking up his position in the prisoner's dock, said he wanted particularly to speak to the magistrate.

Mr. Baddon, pointing him out a nearer place, asked his business?

The applicant, mounting the witness-box, said he wanted a summons against a cabman for abuse, which he, without the slightest reservation or apology, though they consisted of certain filthy words, repeated.

The magistrate, with much suavity of manner, advised the applicant to make his request the following morning: upon which he became exceedingly irate, and insisted on the summons being granted immediately, for he was going fifty miles in the country and could not be delayed. Why could his business not be settled (he added) at once?

The magistrate told him, if he insisted on knowing, in plain language it was because he was not sober.

The applicant, on hearing this, got into a violent state of passion, told the magistrate he was himself drunk, and calling to a friend, who had accompanied him and was standing conveniently near the door, but who was sober, to come and smash all the windows in the magistrate's court, at the first show of violence had ordered him to withdraw, instantly now called upon the officers to remove him from the court, which they did not, however, without the utmost difficulty, one of them getting his hands much grazed in doing so. Finding, when downstairs, that they would if he did not leave the premises, lock him up, his friend, who had seemed afraid of him, took courage, and partly by persuasion and partly by force got him into the cab which was waiting for him at the entrance, and they drove away.

**A NOVEL CAB CASE.**—A lady, named Burns, was summoned by William Scottin, a cabman, for refusing to pay her fare.

The sum in dispute was sixpence, complainant having carried defendant a distance which slightly exceeded three miles, and she, according to his assertion, resolutely refused to pay more than 1s. 6d., which, she alleged, was what she had usually paid for the same distance.

Defendant, stated she had handed complainant half-a-crown, out of which he was to take his fare. She had told him she had never paid more than 1s. 6d. for the same journey, but urged that if he had a legal claim to another sixpence he ought to have taken it out of the half-a-crown.

The Lord Mayor thought this a very reasonable defence. It was quite clear that the legal fare was 2s., and no doubt the only object of the cabman, who was sure of his point, was that he might annoy the lady by a summons, and get his costs and expenses. In this, however, he would be disappointed, as defendant would only be ordered to pay the sixpence, and complainant would bear his own costs, and get nothing for his time.

Complainant said, as for that, he would make the lady a present of the sixpence, if it would do her any good, but he took the money, nevertheless, and went away grumbling.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION.

EVERYBODY in Europe and America is by this time aware that the Atlantic Telegraph has been successfully laid, and that communication between the two worlds, by means of that little line of wire, is complete. It must be confessed that the prospects of success were very remote when the squadron left Queenstown on the 17th of last month. The recollection of three separate and most unaccountable breakages were still fresh in the minds of all who had accompanied the first expedition, and there was no reason whatever for supposing that the very same thing might not occur again. As the ships left the harbour, no notice was apparently taken of their departure by those on shore or in the vessels anchored round them; every one seemed impressed with the conviction that we were engaged in a hopeless enterprise, and the squadron seemed rather to have slunk away on some discreditable mission than to have sailed for the accomplishment of a grand national scheme.

Of the voyage out there is little to be said, so far, at least, as the *Agamemnon* and her attendant, the *Talisman*, were concerned. But she was so much weakened that she did not arrive at the rendezvous in mid-ocean until several days after the *Niagara*.

On the 29th of July the cable was again spliced, but with materials very different from carefully rounded semi-circular boards which had been used to enclose the junctions on previous occasions. It consisted merely of two straight boards hauled over the joining, with the iron rod and leaden plummet attached to the centre. In hoisting it out from the side of the ship, however, the leaden sinker broke short off, and fell overboard; and there being no more convenient weight at hand, a 32lb. shot was fastened to the splice instead, and the whole apparatus was quickly dropped into the sea without any formality, and, indeed, almost without a spectator, for those on board the ship had witnessed so many beginnings to the telegraphic line, that it was evident they despaired of there ever being an end to it. The stipulated 210 fathoms of cable having been paid out to allow the splice to sink well below the surface, the signal to start was hoisted, the hawser cast loose, and the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* started for the last time for their opposite destinations.

Shortly after six o'clock a very large whale was seen approaching the starboard bow at a great speed, rolling and tossing the sea into foam all round. It appeared as if it were making direct for the cable, and great was the relief of all when the ponderous living mass was seen slowly to pass astern, just grazing the cable where it entered the water; but fortunately without doing any mischief. All now went well up to about eight o'clock, but soon after an injured portion of the cable was discovered about a mile or two from the portion paying out; not a moment was lost in setting men to work to cobble up the injury as well as time would permit, for the cable was going out at such a rate that the damaged portion would be paid overboard in less than twenty minutes, and former experience had shown that to check either the speed of the ship or the cable, would, in all probability, be attended by the most fatal results. Just before the lapping was finished, Professor Thomson reported that the electrical continuity of the wire had ceased, but that the insulation was still perfect; attention was naturally directed to the injured piece as the probable source of the stoppage, and not a moment was lost in cutting the cable at that point, with the intention of making a perfect splice. To the consternation of all, the electrical tests applied showed the fault to be overboard, and in all probability some fifty miles from the ship. Not a second was to be lost, for it was evident that the cut portion must be paid overboard in a few minutes, and in the meantime the tedious and difficult operation of making a splice had to be performed. The ship was immediately stopped, and no more cable paid out than was absolutely necessary to prevent its breaking. As the stern of the ship was lifted by the waves, a scene of the most intense excitement followed. It seemed impossible, even by using the greatest possible haste, and paying out the least possible amount of cable, that the junction could be finished before the part was taken out of the hands of the workmen. Nearly all the officers of the ship, and of those connected with the expedition, stood in groups about the coil, watching with intense anxiety the cable as it slowly unwound itself nearer and nearer the joint, while the workmen worked at the splice as only men could work who felt that the life and death of the expedition depended upon their rapidity. But all their speed was to no purpose, and, as a last resource, the cable was stopped altogether, and for a few minutes the ship hung on by the end. Fortunately, however, it was only for a few minutes, as the strain was continually rising above two tons, and it would not hold on much longer; when the splice was finished, the signal was made to loose the stopper, and it passed overboard safely enough.

When the excitement consequent upon having so narrowly saved the cable had passed away, there remained the consciousness that the case was still as hopeless as ever, for the electrical continuity was still entirely wanting, and presently it was found that the insulation had been completely destroyed. In three minutes after, however, the stoppage disappeared, and signals again appeared at their regular intervals from the *Niagara*. Next morning another damaged place was discovered in the cable; there was fortunately, however, time to repair it in the hold, without interfering with the operations beyond for a time slightly reducing the speed of the ship.

Now all went on well hour after hour; but on the evening of the 30th it blew almost a gale of wind from the eastward dead ahead of the ship's course. As the breeze freshened the speed of the engines was gradually increased, but the wind more than increased in proportion, so that before the sun went down the *Agamemnon* was going full steam against the wind, only making a speed of about four knots an hour. Topmasts were lowered, and spars, yards, sails, and, indeed, everything aloft that could offer resistance to the wind, was sent down on deck; but still the ship made but little way, though the enormous quantity of fuel consumed showed that if the wind lasted there would be nothing left, but to burn the masts, spars, and even the decks, to take the ship into Valparaiso. However, during the next day the wind gradually went round to the south-west, which, though it raised a very heavy sea, allowed the ship to husband its small remaining store of fuel. Not for long, however. During the afternoon of Saturday the wind again freshened up, and before nightfall it again blew nearly a gale of wind, and a tremendous sea ran before it from the south-west, which made the *Agamemnon* pitch to such an extent that it was thought impossible the cable could hold on through the night. Men were kept at the wheels of the machine to prevent their stopping, as the stern of the ship rose and fell with the sea, for had they done so the cable must undoubtedly have parted. During Sunday the sea and wind increased, and before the evening it blew a smart gale. Mr. Hoar and Mr. Moore, the two engineers who had the charge of the relieving wheels of the dynamometer, had to keep watch and watch alternately every four hours, and while on duty durst not let their attention be removed from their occupation for one moment, for on their releasing the breaks every time the stern of the ship fell into the trough of the sea entirely depended the safety of the cable, and the result shows how ably they discharged their duty. Throughout the night there were few who had the least expectation of the cable holding on till morning, and many remained awake listening for the sound that all most dreaded to hear—viz., the gun which should announce the failure of all hope. But still the cable held on, only leaving a silvery phosphorous line upon the stupendous seas as they rolled on towards the ship. With Sunday morning came no improvement in the weather, but the cable had gone through so much during the night, that confidence in it was much restored. At noon, observations showed that the ship had made about 350 miles from its starting-point in mid-ocean; and it was known by signals that the *Niagara* had all along maintained the same rate within a mile or two. Thus far things looked promising. But former experience had declared only too plainly that accidents would happen, and during Sunday night and Monday



morning the weather continued as boisterous as ever, and it was only by the most indefatigable exertions that the wheels could be prevented from stopping altogether as the vessel rose and fell with the sea, and once or twice they did come completely to a standstill in spite of all that could be done to keep them moving, but fortunately they were again set in motion before the stern of the ship was thrown up by the succeeding wave. The average speed maintained by the ship up to this time, and, indeed, for the whole voyage, was about five knots and a-half per hour, the cable, with occasional exceptions, running about 30 per cent. faster.

At noon on Monday the ship had made good 127½ miles since noon of the previous day, and completed more than half the way to her ultimate destination. During the afternoon an American three-masted schooner was seen standing from the eastward. No notice was taken of her at first, but when she was within about half-a-mile of the *Agamemnon*, she altered her course and bore right down across the big ship's bows. A collision, which might prove fatal to the cable, seemed inevitable, or could only be avoided by the equally hazardous expedient of altering the *Agamemnon's* course. The *Valorous* steamed a-head, and fired a gun for the stranger to heave-to, which, as she did not appear to take much notice of, was quickly followed by another from the bows of the *Agamemnon*, and a second and third from the *Valorous*; but still the vessel held on her course, and, as the only resource left to avoid a collision, the course of the *Agamemnon* was altered just in time to pass within a few yards of her. It was evident that the proceedings on board the war vessels were a source of the greatest possible astonishment to her crew, for they crowded upon her deck and rigging. At length a light beamed upon them, and they manned the rigging, and dipping the ensign several times gave three hearty cheers. The *Agamemnon* was obliged to acknowledge these congratulations in due form, but with no good will, as may be imagined.

Now and then some uneasiness was felt on board the *Agamemnon*, in consequence of the stoppage of signals from the *Niagara*; when they arrived, however, it was clear that the electrical condition of the submerged wire was constantly improved. The low temperature of the water at the immense depth improved considerably the insulating properties of the gutta percha, while the enormous pressure to which it must have been subjected probably tended to consolidate its texture and to fill up any air bubbles or slight faults in manufacture which may have existed.

About three o'clock on Tuesday morning all on board were startled from their beds by the loud booming of a gun. Every one, without waiting for the performance of the most particular toilet, rushed on deck to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Contrary to all expectation the cable was safe, but just in the gray light could be seen the *Valorous* rounded too in the most warlike attitude, firing gun after gun in quick succession towards a large American barque, which was standing right across our stern. Such loud and repeated remonstrances from a large steam frigate were not to be despised, and, evidently without knowing the why or the wherefore, the stranger quickly threw her sails aback and remained hove-to. Whether those on board her considered that the war ships were engaged in some Fillibustering expedition, or regarded their proceedings as another British outrage upon the American flag, it is impossible to say, but certain it is that, apparently in great trepidation, she remained hove-to until she was lost in the distance.

On this day (Tuesday) the expedition had accomplished nearly the whole of the deep sea portion of the route in safety. About five o'clock in the evening the steep submarine mountain which divides the telegraphic plateau from the Irish coast was reached, and the effect

of the sudden shallowing of the water had a very marked effect upon the cable, causing the strain on and the speed of it to lessen every minute. A great deal of slack was paid out to allow for any greater inequalities which might exist, though undiscovered by the sounding line. About 10 o'clock the shoal water of 250 fathoms was reached; the only remaining anxiety now was the changing from the lower main coil to

ing to our readers. In a nook to the left lies the village; there, between the hills, is snugly built the residence of the Knight of Kerry, the owner, we believe, of all those regions. Ballicarbery Castle is seen on the extreme right; and a much more interesting object a little in the distance—the flagstaff; which marks the exact spot on which the electric wire has been landed.

that upon the upper deck, and this most difficult and dangerous operation was successfully performed between 3 and 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning, the weather, most fortunately, being perfectly clear. The ship was now some 90 miles distant from the telegraph station at Valentia. The water was shallow, so that there was no difficulty in paying out the wire almost without any loss by slack. All looked upon the undertaking as virtually accomplished. At about 1 o'clock in the evening (Wednesday) the second change from the upper coil to that upon the orlop-deck was safely effected, and shortly after the vessels exchanged signals that they were in 200 fathoms water. As the night advanced the speed of the ship reduced, as it was known that they were only a short distance from the land, and there would be no advantage in making it before daylight in the morning. About 12 o'clock, however, the Skelligs Light was seen in the distance, and the *Valorous* steamed on ahead to lead the *Agamemnon* into the coast, firing rockets at intervals to direct her, which were answered by us from the *Agamemnon*, though, according to Mr. Moriarty, the master's wish, the ship, regarding the *Valorous*, kept her own course, which proved to be the right one in the end.

By daylight on the morning of Thursday the bold and rocky mountains which entirely surround the wild and picturesque neighbourhood of Valentia rose at a few miles' distance. Never, probably, was the sight of land more welcome, as it brought to a successful termination one of the greatest, but, at the same time, most difficult schemes which was ever undertaken. No one on shore was apparently conscious of the vessels' approach, so the *Valorous* steamed ahead to the mouth of the harbour and fired a gun. Both ships made straight for Dowlas Bay, and about six o'clock came to anchor at the side of Beginish Island, opposite to Valentia. As soon as the inhabitants became aware of their approach there was a general desertion of the place, and hundreds of boats crowded round their passengers in the greatest state of excitement to hear all about their voyage. Soon after a signal was received from the *Niagara* that they were preparing to land, having paid out 1,030 nautical miles of cable, while the *Agamemnon* had accomplished her portion of the distance with an expenditure of 1,020 miles, making the total length of the wire submerged 2,050 geographical miles.

Immediately after the ships cast anchor the paddle-box boats of the *Valorous* were got ready, and two miles of cable coiled away in them, for the purpose of landing the end; but it was late in the afternoon before the procession of boats left the ship, under a salute of three rounds of small arms from the detachment of Marines on board the *Agamemnon*. The progress of the end to the shore was very slow, in consequence of the very stiff wind which blew at the time; but at about three o'clock the end was safely brought on shore at Knightstown, Valentia, by Mr. Bright and Mr. Canning, the chief and second engineers, who immediately laid it in the trench which had been dug to receive it, while a Royal salute announced that the communication between the Old and the New Worlds was complete. The end was immediately taken into the electrical room by Mr. Whitehouse, and attached to a galvanometer, and the first message was received through the entire length.

Valentia, which heretofore enjoyed a blessed retirement, not to say obscurity, has been made famous by this great telegraphic event; and the accompanying view of the island will doubtless prove interesting to our readers. In a nook to the left lies the village; there, between the hills, is snugly built the residence of the Knight of Kerry, the owner, we believe, of all those regions. Ballicarbery Castle is seen on the extreme right; and a much more interesting object a little in the distance—the flagstaff; which marks the exact spot on which the electric wire has been landed.



THE EMPEROR'S CUP, CONTENTED FOR BY THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.



VALENTIA ISLAND AND BAY, SHOWING THE ARRIVAL OF THE TELEGRAPH SQUADRON.—(FROM A SKETCH BY R. J. STOPFORD.)



GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR, FORTIFICATIONS, AND TOWN OF BREST.





## THE FETES AT CHERBOURG.

WHETHER the Emperor Napoleon, our ally, invited the Queen to his Cherbourg fetes with any view to securing fine weather, we do not know; but the whole week was sunny. Monday at Paris opened with a bright warm day; and even thus early, the railway station was thronged by citizens anxious to "assist" at the inauguration of the docks and forts of Cherbourg; to gaze upon that threatening port of menace, and upon the significant statue of the really great Emperor. By this time too all the preparations for the journey of their Imperial Majesties were made, or rather all instructions were given, and the Prefects of several of the western departments, who had been summoned to Paris to receive orders, had departed. In the programme of the progress we cannot avoid remarking thus early one curious feature. On the 15th, the day of the Assumption and the Emperor's fete, he and the Empress were to attend Divine service in the celebrated Chapel of St. Anne d'Auray, in the very heart of La Vendée and of Legitimist associations. And not only so, but the Emperor ordered that all France should join in a *Te Deum* at the moment when he and the Empress were prostrated before the shrine of St. Anne. By the lower orders of Bretons, Auray is looked upon as in some sort a holy town. Their Imperial Majesties have sent to St. Anne's Chapel a rich present of church ornaments.

## TUESDAY, AUG. 3.—THE EMPEROR'S JOURNEY TO CHERBOURG.

The Emperor and Empress left Paris on Tuesday morning—first for Caen. Before their departure high mass was, very properly, performed at the palace of St. Cloud, and by no less a person than the Archbishop of Paris. The Emperor's companions were Marshal Vaillant (Minister of War), Marshal Magnan, Generals Niel and Fleury, and M. Moquard, the Emperor's secretary. The Empress was accompanied by the Imperial Prince, the Duchesse d'Esling, and Mesdames Labedeyere and A. Lournal; and they all rode in an Imperial state-wagon (new), fitted up with blue silk drapery and mirrors. In the centre of the *salon* was placed a magnificent gilt table, on which a bouquet of choice flowers rested. This central carriage communicated with an open wagon (fitted up with great taste, more especially for the Emperor) and a refreshment *salon* decorated in white and gold. Nothing, we are assured by the "Morning Post," could be more elegant and commodious than these gala carriages; in which "we glided through the pasture lands of Normandy, passing green fields and Gothic churches and thatched farmhouses, which remind one strongly of England's country life, agriculture, and scenery."

The first station at which the Imperial train halted was Evreux. Here the authorities turned out, with the Prefect at their head, and a crowd of peasants in their rear. Flowers, flags, and triumphal arches awaited their Majesties. A throne erected near the station, and decorated with Imperial emblems, was occupied by a group of elegant ladies; and when the authorities paid their respects, some thirty pretty, unmarried girls, dressed in white gauzy toilettes, with a cordon of green gauze passing over the shoulder and tied at the waist, approached the Empress and presented her with bouquets. In return, they received a smile.

This ceremony over, again the train proceeded through a highly-cultivated country, rich with harvest wealth; the ripe corn strewn the fields, the dark sylvan stream wandering through the green meadows; while here and there some Gothic spire told of a distant village.

Then the train halted at Lisieux. Here ceremonies similar to those already narrated took place, groups of country people lining the railway station, and shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive l'Impératrice!" So at other little towns at which the train stopped: which was never for long.

It was six o'clock when the Emperor and Empress received the salutations of the good people of Caen. Her Majesty made a fresh toilette in honour of the crowd of officials and ecclesiastics who awaited her. She now wore a pearl gray dress, trimmed with black lace, and a white bonnet decorated with roses. At this town the programme of the journey was faithfully carried out. The order of the day says:—

"Their Majesties, on arriving at Caen, will be received by the Mayor and all the local authorities. The Mayor will present the keys of the town to the Emperor. The Emperor and Empress will proceed through lines formed by the troops to the Prefecture, where the mayors of the department will be assembled. The Empress will hold a reception of ladies, and a magnificent banquet will be presented to her Majesty. At seven o'clock the Emperor and Empress will give a grand dinner, and at nine o'clock will proceed to a ball at the Hotel du Ville."

The ball, we have no doubt, was rather a nuisance than otherwise. Most of those who had that day arrived from Paris would rather have undressed for bed than rushed into a wilderness of crinoline, but the thing was to be done. The streets of Caen were crowded with women in pretty white caps, and men in country costumes. The town, universally illuminated, presented a most picturesque appearance. The houses are irregularly built, and in the old part of the city make up a broken gable-end bit of old street scenery such as an artist delights to meet with. You also continually come upon old Gothic churches and buildings, which look dark and mysterious and romantic. Every house was lighted up with many-coloured lanterns, and decorated with flags or wreaths of flowers, which, festooning about the small quaint windows of the ancient dwellings had rather a quaint effect.

The large hall of the municipal hotel was fitted up for the dance. There was a good band, and there were plenty of lights. As soon as the Emperor and Empress arrived, dancing commenced with considerable vivacity, considering the fatigues that many of the company had undergone, and the awful effect of an Emperor's presence. The gallant "Post" is of opinion that "the ladies of Caen are more beautiful than the fair creatures who make us happy or miserable in Paris. Their features are more regular, and they have a frank and pleasing expression—with a pretty, never-ending smile—unless all those charms and attractions were the result of the Imperial visit. When I left the ball, the Emperor and Empress were making themselves very agreeable; and fat old gentlemen, in courtly uniforms, and full dress military, were crowding round about their Majesties in dense and anxious groups painful to look upon, even at a distance."

## WEDNESDAY, AUG. 4.—ARRIVAL AT CHERBOURG.

Next day (Thursday, the 4th) the Imperial party arrived at Cherbourg.

Cherbourg was prepared for them. That very morning the mayor had issued a proclamation appealing to the town. He said:—

"Beloved fellow-citizens.—In 1852 we asked the Emperor to enrich our country with a railroad. Our request was acceded to; and his Majesty comes to-day to inaugurate that great line which unites our city with the capital."

"The third dock of our military harbour is finished. The Emperor has been pleased to preside at its immersion, and so to crown the completion of that magnificent arsenal which excites the admiration of the entire world."

"His Majesty also comes to inaugurate the monument that you have raised to Napoleon the First, and, by his presence at this imposing solemnity, to enhance the éclat of the homage you have wished to render to the potent founder of the Napoleon dynasty."

"The Empress, his noble consort, the august mother of the prince upon whom repose the dearest hopes of our country, has deigned also to come amongst us."

"If all France has at this moment its eyes directed towards Cherbourg, it is because all its cities would wish to enjoy, like ours, the happiness of receiving the Sovereign who has, at the same time, exalted the glory of our arms and secured the prosperity of the country; it is because Cherbourg is pre-eminently the privileged city."

"Is it necessary for me to excite your enthusiasm? No; I know your patriotic sentiments; and I foresee that everywhere in their progress their Majesties will be received with enthusiastic acclamations, the sincere demonstration of your devotion to the Empire."

"Your houses will be decorated and illuminated during the entire time that our august guests remain."

"We all know how much we are indebted to the Government of the Emperor, and we shall be delighted to be able, on this solemn occasion, to lavish upon him the proofs of our love and our gratitude."

There was something so Napoleonic, and, at the same time, so pathetic, in this address, that the loyalty and the "feelings" of the town were evidently touched. The houses and the streets, generally, were very

well decorated indeed; though the prettiest sight was to be seen in the roads. They were alive with craft of all kinds, from the majestic three-decker down to the tiny yacht, from the pinnace and skiff, bearing officers to and fro, down to canoes and even rafts. Steamers were constantly coming in from Havre, from Rouen, from Brest, from Weymouth. No sooner did one slacken its speed between the piers than another black plume of smoke was signalled on the horizon. All these vessels were profusely decked with flags; and, as the weather was beautifully calm, and the sun splendidly brilliant, nothing more striking than the whole scene can be conceived. All along the quays and in the commercial port the same profusion of banners existed, and every salient point on the amphitheatre of hills behind the town was similarly adorned. Additional life was given to the scene by the sound of military music moving to and fro amongst the excited crowd. Nevertheless there was a marked paucity of military display. There were a few Dragoons and Hussars, and a couple of regiments of the line, but the remainder of the force employed in keeping the streets consisted entirely of the seamen of the fleet, who did their work in that free and easy manner which is peculiar to Jack everywhere, performing some evolutions that were perfectly astonishing, when ordered to fall in or fall out, or wheel, or halt, as the exigency of the moment might require. They were evidently picked men, all light, strong, and active, with now and then a boatswain of terrific beard and stature. It would have been difficult to distinguish them from English sailors but for the musket which each carried, and a certain strap with which each had his hat fastened under his chin, and which English Jack would not wear for any possible amount of pay or prize money. The crowd fraternised with them in the most affectionate manner, and the way in which the ladies contrived to coax themselves within the lines was a sore trouble to the tall and venerable gentlemen, who, mounted on horses as tall and venerable as themselves, had the irksome duty of turning out all the pretty bonnets and *mousquetaire* hats which Jack had in his benevolence admitted.

The Emperor was expected at four, and long before that hour the whole line of streets and quays which he was to traverse was thronged with people. At every available point seats, let out at three francs and two francs, had been erected. Every window was, of course, well filled; the more fashionable spectators being confined to an amphitheatre of seats erected at the railway station; these, however, for some reason or other, were half empty. Along the quays, long lines of sailors from the fleet, with their carbines slung across their shoulders, were ranged. One of the amusing features of the scene was the passage to and fro of what were called the deputations from the rural cantons. These consisted of groups of men in black jackets and trousers of homespun cloth, that may have been made for their grandsires, and will probably serve for their grandchildren, with broad-brimmed hats, bustling and slouching in the rear of an individual in a grotesque uniform, who bore the name of their village on a little bit of wood on the top of a blue pole. These gentlemen evidently thought themselves the most important parts of the arrangements.

## INAUGURATION OF THE RAILWAY.

The first of the series of ceremonies to take place was the inauguration of the railway under the sanction of the State and of religion. An altar was erected in the centre of the station, attended by a bishop and a cluster of priests. In front stretched a carpeted platform, destined to receive the Imperial visitors. All these preparations could be best seen from the Montagne du Roule, which overhangs the station. The long time which those who had chosen this elevated point of view had to wait, was enlivened by speculations on a crowd of sail which appeared hovering on the horizon to the north-west. The Weymouth boat had already brought intelligence that it had passed Admiral Lyons in the *Royal Albert*, with another line-of-battle ship and two frigates, cruising to and fro, waiting for the Royal yacht; but the general impression was, that the Queen would not enter until next day. However, it was soon perceived that the English squadron had rallied several other vessels and many steamers, and was drawing slowly nigh. Now and then it changed its course, and stood off and on. Still, it gradually came nearer. All attention for a time was directed to it; but presently a telegraphic despatch announced the Emperor's approach, and the Imperial train, amidst loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" from the peasants who crowded the borders of the railroad, ran swiftly up. A very irregular and ill-sustained salute from the forts occupied attention whilst the Emperor and Empress descended from the carriage and received the obsequious bow of the authorities of Cherbourg on the platform. The ceremony that followed was sufficiently tedious. The bishop made a speech, and was answered in a few words; the mayor made another speech, and was answered in fewer.

Then the ceremony of inaugurating the railway was commenced. The Cherbourg station was, of course, the scene of the inauguration. It had been carefully prepared both to accommodate the immense number of spectators, and to make it the theatre of a brilliant scenic display. As usual, too, it was not until the last minute that all the preparations were completed, the final touches were given only a few minutes before the Imperial train arrived. The open building of the station fronts the mountain of La Roule, and the trains start from the platform, to be lost, at the end of a few hundred yards, in the town of the valley. But for two days engines and carriages had been transferred to a remote siding, and the space between the station and the cliff had been abandoned to a host of carpenters. To the right and left of the building two large galleries of rising seats, curving in immense semicircles, were erected; between them a floor of planking was laid down, leaving only two lines of rail visible, and in the usual working condition, one on each side. At the back of the station was another rising gallery for spectators. In front of this inner *cavade* was a large open space, occupied by a dais, in the centre of which was placed the altar for the religious ceremony. All this was bare woodwork up to a few hours before the celebration, though the decorators had for some days been busy with walls and roof. The latter was hung with festoons and garlands of green, with depending banners. The flags at the sides were not spread flat, like a ship's sail shaken out to dry, but disposed in *fascies*, the staves sloping at angles, and the colours drooping gracefully from them. A grand bouquet of such standards, so disposed, filled up, to the eye at least, the back of the building. Plants and shrubs were placed at the doorways and along the walls, so that the general effect was something like a large grove of verdure, with the gay colours of the flags as the flowers. Along both the exterior semicircular galleries, and all the approaches of the station, were the same lines of garlands and masts, with a cluster of flags at mid-height, surmounted by some national standard—English, Spanish, Turkish, American, and many others; all nations were represented. The great merit of the whole decoration was its not being overdone.

The public were admitted to the galleries by tickets issued by the railway company. The seats filled gradually, and long before the arrival of the Imperial train were crowded. The afternoon sun was brilliant and scorching, and as only the upper seats were covered in with awnings, the part of the spectators to whom custom forbids parasols were soon in a condition that nearly approached baking.

At length their patience was rewarded: as we have before said, the Emperor arrived, and the ceremony began.

The clergy and magistracy took up their position to the right of the dais; the Bishop of Coutances, in full episcopal robes, with the mitre, crozier, and cross borne in his train, arrived and took his seat on the dais to the right of the altar, surrounded by his attendant clergy. Opposite to him were the chairs of the Emperor and Empress. The altar supported a silver crucifix with wax tapers and flowers. The Bishop repeated the prayer, and the priests in attendance chanted the responses. At the close of the prayer, the Bishop descended the steps of the dais towards two engines gaily dressed with wreaths and flags, that had been brought up to the end of the lines, one on each side, sprinkled them, and pronounced the benediction. The Empress knelt frequently during portions of the service, and the Emperor more than once crossed himself with great appearance of devotion. A solemn chant concluded this portion of the day's programme, and immediately

after the Imperial cortege proceeded to the presence chamber the Emperor and Empress received a perfect army of pageants. This apartment was covered with a rich Aubusson carpet, contained at the upper end a dais, or *estrade*, draped in velvet, and decorated with the symbolic bees of the Franks, which the first Emperor Napoleon revived the use during his sovereignty.

Here a gentleman usher hawled himself hoarse in calling long catalogue of names, and a military officer found constant ment in crying "Vite, vite, Messieurs!" as each successive came up to the entrance. There was an unlucky little stumblings high, right in the doorway, and which, being carpeting, could not easily be seen. As each public departed up, the members stiff in their state uniforms, and with countenances carefully fitted to the greatness of the occasion, officer before mentioned called out "Vite!" and the foremost stumbled two or three steps into the room, where it required three awful minutes to restore their equilibrium. The municipality had, of course, the *pas*, but there were no. It was generally expected that his Majesty would have seized opportunity for the utterance of one of those brief speeches for has now become famous; but the public were disappointed, confined himself simply to a few complimentary words to the M. M. Ludé, as he passed by. An immense number of naval officers, subsequently presented, and quite a crowd of the clergy, another hour elapsed before the Imperial party were seated in the carriages.

The latter, which had been drawn up at the side of the Gaz to the Boulevard, or public promenade, turned slowly out with Imperial pair and their suite were all seated, "and then," correspondent of the "Daily News," "I had an opportunity of of his Majesty's reception by the populace. As the cortege slowly round to the principal quay, an assemblage of not less than thousand people began to cheer in the most enthusiastic manner it was evidently no organised *claque*, but a spontaneous demonstration of natural feeling, and as such must have been fully understood, appreciated by their Imperial Majesties. The trades of the town had, that taste for organisation which is possessed by everybody in France, marshalled themselves under their respective banners, but the crowd were too great for their imperfect discipline, and their banners were seen here and there and everywhere above the crowd far away from the honest men who had intended, under them, to have alluded to Majesty a highly-trained and imposing escort. But slow progress could be made through so great a crowd, all of whom were most anxious to see the Emperor and Empress, so that it was quite seven o'clock when the house of the Marne Prefect was reached, where his Majesty was to dine."

On this occasion the Emperor wore a general's uniform and r of the Legion of Honour, and the Empress a travelling toilette elegant and simple—and, for the information of all whom it may concern, we may add, a crinoline of very reasonable dimensions. Both their Majesties looked exceedingly well. A number of young girls presented a bouquet to the Empress on her arrival at the Prefecture.

## THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN.

No sooner had the Imperial party entered the Prefecture than the whole French fleet shook the windows to intimate the occurrence an event of first importance. It was no less than the arrival of the Royal squadron of England with her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. The moment the news was conveyed to the Emperor the Imperial party was broken up, and at eight o'clock carriages were at the door, and his Majesty drove off amid renewed and deafening cheers, to pay a private and friendly visit to the Royal family of England. In the evening, the town was most brilliantly illuminated, and the crowd was as great as in the afternoon's procession.

The Royal yacht made the passage in fifteen minutes under the hours from Osborne stairs, including a stoppage of nearly half an hour when off the Isle of Wight, occasioned by a tough piece of seaweed getting into the machinery. But for this *contretemps*, the run of eighty-one miles would have been accomplished within five hours. The Royal squadron, consisting of the *Royal Albert*, 131, *Renown*, 90, *Europa*, 51, *Diamond*, 32, *Curacao*, 51, and *Racoon*, 22, had had a six-hour's start of her Majesty, and waited in two lines about six miles off the western entrance. Up between these vessels the Royal yacht, attended by the *Fairy*, *Elfin*, *Osborne*, and *Banshee*, passed rapidly, and at once entered the harbour, and, as we have said, received a salute which might have re-echoed from the English shore, so grand, so close, and so sustained was the fire, for more than twenty minutes. Any one who has seen and knows anything of the French fleet, knows that they always pride themselves upon the style and imposing effect of their saluting fire, and this salute in particular had been closely rehearsed beforehand. Yet the actual performance as much surpassed expectation as it defied description. As the Royal yacht turned round between the marine forts which mark the western entrance, Admiral Hamelin, in the *Bretagne*, 120, fired a single gun. There was a moment's pause, and then the salute began—not in a close, irregular, drooping cannonade, which so distinguishes a similar honour from the English navy—but gun after gun, running along each tier like a train of fire, till the very frame of the listener seemed shaken as if even the air smote him in its reverberation. Hardly had this great cannonade commenced, when all the ugly forts which dominate every part of the harbour, threatening with a thousand ominous fearful-looking embrasures each ship that passes, took up the same song, only firing their massive guns in volleys of eight at once, and as fast as they could be re-loaded and discharged. It is but rarely such a cannonade is ever heard, and seldom, if ever, that it has been given for a purely peaceful welcome. But, at all events, it showed in an instant the great extent and number of the fortifications that cover every spot of vantage around the town. All towards sea was a mere mass of fire and smoke, but that was looked for, though it was far from being all. The ring of fire seemed not only to embrace the town, but extend far into the country, up among little ravines where none ever dreamt that guns lay lurking, on the top of picturesque eminences where one only fancied villas and rural cottages could exist; amid thick clumps of trees and flanking yellow corn fields came the same dreadful uproar, till it seemed as if all France, even from her hills and mountain tops, was doing honour to the advent of the Queen of England.

This, however, was the only public ceremony of note that marked the evening. The Royal yacht came instantly to her moorings inside the Breakwater, and almost before she was made fast Lord and Lady Cowley were on board.

At half-past eight o'clock, the Emperor and Empress embarked in their state barge to pay a visit to her Majesty. As it was past gun-fire (i. e., sunset) no salute was given, and their Majesties were rowed quietly alongside the Royal yacht. The Queen, with the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales, received the Emperor and Empress at the gangway, and we hear that greetings of more warmth and cordiality than generally mark state interviews were exchanged between the Royal Families of France and England. The Emperor and Empress remained for upwards of an hour, when they again embarked in the state barge, and returned to the Prefecture, as before. During their passage to shore the *Royal Albert*, with the vessels of the English squadron, illuminated with most brilliant effect. At this interview on board the Queen's yacht, the original programme for next day was changed, and considerably extended. The first plan was confined to a reception of her Majesty on board the French ship *Bretagne* by the Emperor and Empress, and a banquet. But with the morning came the announcement that the Queen would land, and not only visit the Military Port, but take a view of the town also.

## THURSDAY, AUG. 5.—LANDING OF HER MAJESTY.

On Thursday morning then at eight o'clock, the Royal yacht hauled down the Admiralty flag, and hoisted the French ensign.



the fore. This was the signal for a renewal of the complimentary decorations on the part of the English fleet. Accordingly yards were manned, ships dressed, and broadsides fired, till it was almost impossible to see what took place at a distance of 100 yards. This inaugurated the proceedings of the day, which threatened to be a moist one, for the wind was sharp and the clouds heavy, and fifth in her Majesty's atmospheric good fortune, at least as regards France, for a time was shaken sadly. To the relief, and apparently astonishment, of every one, however, the clouds gradually broke and dispersed, and the sun shone forth with a heat which quickened into most unsavoury activity all the innumerable malarial of a French port. From this time to nearly twelve o'clock there was a constant arrival of tourist steamers, each adding a formidable quota to the ranks of the already disaffected and disgusted, who complained that they were not allowed to see anything which they came to see on shore, and who stigmatised the town decorations as being, on the whole, rather inferior in effect, and decidedly less in interest and variety, than those which mark an ordinary English fair.

It is true that, as regards the harbour, and the scene on the water, these would literally have been as ordinary and as unattractive as any small fishing port on the eastern coast of England might present; but for the British pleasure navy, the yachts, which mustered here in great numbers. At least 150 vessels of the Thames, Victoria, and Royal Yacht Clubs were in the harbour on the Thursday morning, and every hour added numbers to the little fleet. They skimmed about outside the Breakwater in little squadrons, while the horizon was covered with fresh arrivals, staggering in under a press of canvas, and heeling over in a way which astonished even the naval inhabitants of the town, who asked, with eager curiosity, "Do the English sail in such boats for

At twelve o'clock precisely her Majesty disembarked from the Royal yacht, both fleets manning yards, and dressed in colours, while fleets, forts, town batteries, and redoubts, repeated the tremendous welcome of the night before. The continuous roar of nearly 3,000 guns, fired with incessant rapidity for twenty minutes, marked when her Majesty stepped from the Royal yacht, and embarked in the *Fairy* for the Military Port. The firing, however, by no means ended with the naval salutes, but was even continued after her Majesty landed, and kept up from fort to fort as she proceeded through the works inland.

This was a salute indeed. Its effect, on land at least, was far grander than that of the previous evening, probably from the direction of the wind. First, the whole squadron of line-of-battle ships fired irregularly, gun by gun; then there was a pause; then a gun from one of the forts gave the signal, and the squadron all fired a salvo at once in broadsides, the thunder rushing along the whole line in a magnificent sweep. There was as much precision in this cannonade as if the great guns had been muskets giving a *feu de joie*, when the reports rattle along the front from right to left, instead of in the one burst of a volley. The enormous clouds of white smoke drifted slowly across the Breakwater, and the process began again. It was the only salute of which it was effective from the shore, both in grandeur of sound and as a spectacle.

But there was another spectacle in the harbour, much more beautiful and scarcely less imposing—the ships and the yachts. Along the outer side of the harbour and parallel with the Breakwater, lay the French squadron, consisting of the *Bretagne*, 110 guns, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Desbrosses, the *Donauwerth*, with the Rear-Admiral's flag, the *Napoleon*, the *Ulm*, the *Arcole*, the *Austerlitz*, the frigate *Isly*, the *St. Louis*, and the *Alexandre*. Alongside, and nearly opposite the *Bretagne*, was the *Royal Albert*, 130, and English naval officers drew comparisons very much in favour of Lord Lyons's smart and trim-looking screw line-of-battle ship over the *Bretagne*. Near the *Royal Albert* was the *Renown*, and we think the *Diadem*. Then nearer them lay the beautiful yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, with the Royal Standard flying at its tall mast, and in the rear, the *Osborne*, the old Royal yacht. Then there were several other English frigates, and the pretty Royal tenders *Fairy* and *Elfin*. The inner part of the harbour was literally covered with yachts, the colours flying from which in immense numbers gave the appearance of an enormous mosaic of the blue waters of the bay. Everything afloat was decorated; in spite of some threatening appearances in the early morning. It rained heavily in the night, and at daybreak, but long before the hour of landing every cloud had disappeared.

The Emperor and Empress, with a magnificent cortege of imperial carriages and a military escort, were waiting to receive their illustrious guests on landing. The whole party then drove through the town, and paid a visit of inspection to the docks, arsenal, &c., up to Fort Roule. This work, if we may judge by its external aspect—for, like all the rest of the strong places of Cherbourg, the admission of visitors is strictly guarded against—seems to be one of no ordinary importance and extent. It is situated on the summit of a steep scarp of rock, something like Fort Regent at Jersey, only much more extended, and so completely overlooking with its guns each stone of the town and docks that one sees at a glance the purpose of its construction. Cherbourg protects the Emperor against all the world, and La Houle protects the Emperor against Cherbourg. Not a dog could bark or a cat mew in Cherbourg against its Imperial master while a gunner was left in Fort Roule. The ascent to the fort is by a very steep road cut in the solid rock, and winding in zigzags up its rugged surface. It was with no slight difficulty that the horses attached to the carriages managed to get them up to the summit. The Emperor conducted her Majesty into the fort, the Prince Consort led the Empress; and the whole party remained some time on the new ramparts, inspecting the magnificent prospect which lay beneath them. All Cherbourg—not the Cherbourg of a provincial townspeople, but the Cherbourg of the Emperor—with its immense extent of docks, basins, and harbours, and above all, its triple row of fortifications and rock-built batteries, spreading in all directions, lay far beneath, like a gigantic plan. Almost every street in the town could be distinctly traced; the shape and place each fort was built to dominate could be seen at a glance; while in the roadstead lay the combined fleets dressed from truck to water's edge in colours, and surrounded by a host of tiny yachts, furling their white sails like birds settling down upon the water, or skimming about inside the harbour in all directions. Nor was the view inland of a less striking or less varied character. Far and near hills and valleys were seen over, with their crowds of ancient-looking French villages, fine old churches and square ivy-grown towers peeping out from among the trees, or lying snugly at the hollow of some charming valley half hidden in the cool shade. The only drawback in the picturesque effect of the scenery was the perpetual fogs. Scarcely a nook, however quiet, which was not surmounted with the scarped earthworks indicating batteries, while no hamlet seemed so poor or so insignificant as not to be worth dominating with a hundred cannons. It was cannons, cannons, wherever you turned. Her Majesty remained in the fort for a considerable time, and then walked down the road to town—a distance of more than a mile; but the path was so steep that a carriage could only have accomplished the journey at considerable difficulty, and even risk. Through the town, of course, the Royal cortege was received with cheers, but it was remarked that nearly all the shouting, such as it was, went to the honour of the Imperial family.

Immediately on her return, the Queen went on board the Royal yacht, her progress, of course, being marked with another thundering compliment from the French fleet. According to the programme, it was intended that her Majesty, attended by some of the engineers and officers of the French fleet, should visit the Breakwater, but, from some cause or another, this visit did not take place. The Duke of Cambridge, however, landed, and examined the forts on the Breakwater minutely, his visit occupying a considerable time.

We must not omit to mention that this day the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales, were entertained at a *déjeuner* by their Imperial Majesties, in the Prefecture. Count Walewski and the Duke of Cambridge were the only other persons at table. The room in which the *déjeuner* was held is a long gallery, nothing more than comfortably furnished; and no studied attempt was made to decorate it,

## THE BANQUET ON BOARD THE BRETAGNE.

At seven o'clock on the same evening (the 5th) the Emperor and Empress embarked in their magnificent state barge, and, followed by another barge second only in splendour to the Emperor's, for the officers of state, started for the *Bretagne*. The Empress is by no means as good a sailor as her Majesty; though the evening was calm and the water quite still, nevertheless, even this short trip across the harbour appeared most disagreeable to her. As the state barges approached the line of the fleet, the vessels manned yards and saluted—the English, as usual, firing twenty-one each ship, giving gun for gun, but the French with that terrific cannonade of 101 guns from each, three times repeated, till the whole town seemed shaken to its foundation. There was another tremendous salvo as their Majesties mounted the side of the *Bretagne*. Her Majesty and the English Royal party embarked about five minutes after the Emperor, crossing the harbour in the state barge. Again there was another cannonade from French and English. The English manned yards, and the French did their best to follow the example. However, there is no mistake about the question that whatever else the French navy can do, they cannot man yards. Their men, as usual, never attempted going above the topsail yards, and the way they stood on those they did reach was not calculated to impress the spectator with the idea that he lost anything worth seeing by their not going higher. The English sailors, on the contrary, crowded out in perfect lines on all the yards, even to the topmast, while, to the amazement of the whole French fleet and town, the dashing fellows stood high above all on the masthead trucks of the *Renown*, waving their caps in one hand and a Union Jack in another with as much sangfroid as if they stood upon the Breakwater itself. A richly-decorated accommodation ladder, covered with flowers, was provided for all the Royal visitors to the *Bretagne*, while the poop was covered with an awning of crimson and gold, for the Royal guests to witness the display of fireworks from Fort Centrale on the Breakwater after the banquet. Among other guests invited to this magnificent entertainment were the Count and Countess Walewski, Lord and Lady Cowley, the Duke of Malakoff, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, Marshal Vaillant, Admiral Hamelin, Vice-Admiral Dupuis, Admiral Lord Lyons, the Earl of Malmesbury, Sir John Pakington, and some of the chief officers of the English and French squadrons.

It was during the course of this entertainment that his Imperial Majesty delivered a speech in which he characterised the visit of her gracious Majesty as tending in the highest degree to strengthen and consolidate the intimate alliance which existed between the two chief nations of the world. He said:—

"I drink to the health of her Majesty the Queen of England, and to that of the Prince who shares her throne, and to that of the Royal family. In proposing this toast in their presence, on board the French Admiral's ship in the port of Cherbourg, I am happy to show the sentiments we entertain towards them. Indeed, facts speak for themselves, and they prove that hostile passions, excited by some unfortunate incidents, have failed to alter either the friendship which exists between the two Crowns or the desire of the two nations to remain at peace. I entertain the sincere hope that, if attempts were made to stir up old resentments and the passions of another epoch, they would break to pieces upon public common sense, as the waves break upon the mole which at this moment protects the squadrons of the two empires against the violence of the sea."

These sentiments were happily responded to by the Prince Consort of England, who, in replying (in French) for her Majesty, said:—

"The Queen desires me to express to your Majesty how sensible she is of the new proof of friendship which you have just given her by proposing a toast in her honour, and by pronouncing words which will always remain dear to her. Your Majesty knows the sentiments of friendship which she entertains towards you, Sir, and towards the Empress, and I need not remind you of them."

"You are also aware that the good understanding between our two countries is the constant object of her desires, as it is of yours. The Queen is, therefore, doubly happy at having the opportunity, by her presence here on this occasion, of joining you, Sir, in endeavouring to strengthen, as much as possible, the bonds of friendship between the two nations. That friendship is the basis of their mutual prosperity, and the blessing of Heaven will not be denied it. The Queen proposes 'The Health of the Emperor and Empress.'"

The sun went down at eight, but the ships remained dressed with colours, and as the darkness increased, rows of lights began to twinkle out from along the Breakwater, then into the forts; from every embrasure and every casemate they shone forth with an effect that was exceedingly beautiful. All the ships, too, opened their ports to the utmost and illuminated. A light was fixed upon the muzzle of every gun along all their grim broadsides, till the brilliancy of every ship was something grand to look at, as they lay glittering and twinkling from a thousand points of fire, which the still water beneath seemed to magnify and reproduce, till the eye was pained at the brightness. Before this was all done, too, the town itself had illuminated, and shone in the distance like a sea of fire, amid the general glare of which some particular device of extra brilliancy or more showy colours stood out in rich relief. At nine o'clock the fireworks commenced from Fort Centrale. All fireworks, when good, are pretty much alike, and, whether bad or good, it is not easy in words to describe either. Those discharged in honour of her Majesty on this occasion, however, were so brilliant and so varied that it would be a mere repetition of superlatives to attempt to do them justice. For more than an hour their flow into the air was incessant. Now it was a tremendous cascade of fire, then a bouquet of 5,000 coloured rockets; next devices and coloured asteroids, with bombs and varied fires, till the spectacle was literally almost too dazzling. One gigantic device represented the Royal and Imperial arms and ciphers in coloured fires, with such effect and precision as to appear at a distance like a brilliant painting, and a bouquet of some thousands of coloured rockets lit up the harbour with changing hues, that gave to the whole scene a wonderful appearance. Perhaps, however, the most grand of all effects was produced by lighting up the Central Port with crimson fire. The deep red seemed to glow and gather round the fort as if the whole place, with its harbours and ramparts, from base to summit, was red-hot, throwing a terrific glare upon the spars and hulls of the ships of war, and spreading the reflection over the water, tipping the waves with a blood-red hue, and flickering above the ripple as if the very sea had caught the conflagration and was on fire. Before this great mass of colour all other illuminations faded into nothing, the lights in the ships were lost, and even the glow of the town paled down before it. Twice was this great effect repeated, the display at the fort terminating with a prodigious flight of bombs and rockets, which, if rumours are correct, cost an enormous sum.

As the last rockets fell, there was a moment of comparative darkness, and then, as if by magic, the fleet illuminated with blue lights at all their yards and masts, and at intervals along the bulwarks of all ships. The effect of this was inexpressibly beautiful; the crews of the vessels cheered, and from among the crowd of yachts rockets and blue lights were lit in all directions.

Under this magnificent display, the Queen re-embarked from the *Bretagne* in her state barge, accompanied by the Emperor and Empress in their state barge. As these rowed slowly off, the French fleet again saluted, and there was a grandeur and sublimity about such a salute in the darkness that was wonderfully beautiful, and not a little terrible to boot. The flashes from the guns seemed of fearful length and brightness as they rushed out from the sides of the great vessels, darting from port to port with such blinding rapidity and glare that it seemed as if they were really blowing up. The roar that followed upon these accumulated discharges struck all at once; and, with one terrific thundering crash, rumbled away as if to the very centre of the ground, and a dead silence and darkness succeeded, that after the light and uproar appeared to be quite solemn by the contrast.

After a moment's pause, the Royal yacht returned the compliment by lighting up with coloured lights—red at the bows, white amidships, and blue astern, the hues of the ensigns of the two nations, but which mingled into one most curious tone upon the sky above. The Emperor's barge accompanied her Majesty alongside the yacht, and then stood towards the shore. As he quitted, a magnificent flight of coloured rockets rose from the decks of the *Victoria* and *Albert*, and bursting

into thousands of colours of every hue, went floating slowly away to sea, a cloud of variegated life.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6.—THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE BREAKWATER.—DEPARTURE OF HER MAJESTY.

On Friday, soon after eight o'clock, the Prince of Wales went away from the Royal yacht in the dingy, and with merely a couple of sailors to row, pulled down along the line of French men-of-war, and afterwards landed on the Breakwater. The French vessels lay just inside the Breakwater in one long line from west to east, commencing with the *St. Louis*, of 80 guns and 450-horse power; the *Alexandre*, 90 guns and 500-horse power (neither of which were manned); *Austerlitz*, of 84 guns and 500-horse power; *Ulm*, 82 guns, 650-horse power; *Donauwerth*, 80 guns and 450-horse power; *Napoleon*, 90 guns and 900-horse power; *England*, 90 guns and 900-horse power; *Bretagne*, 130 guns and 1,200-horse power; the *Arcole*, 90 guns and 900-horse power; and the *Isly*, a fine though rather ugly frigate of 34 guns and 650-horse power.

While the Prince of Wales was making his examination of the ships and Breakwater, Mr. Churchward, of the Dover Royal mail service, who had been in communication with the authorities on board the *Osborne*, went round among the English vessels in the *Frederick-William* steam yacht, giving to all the intelligence that the Atlantic telegraph had at last been laid. This glorious news was received with heart-stirring cheers, for every Englishman felt at the moment that the successful accomplishment of such an enterprise more, far more, than counterbalanced the tremendous works, batteries, and forts to progress and civilisation which were gathered around him in such menacing array on all sides. Cherbourg has been the labour of, but the Atlantic telegraph is the event of, the century.

Soon after 11 o'clock their Majesties the Emperor and Empress embarked in their barge and went on board the Royal yacht. Again there was the same saluting, and this time both the *Renown* and the *Royal Albert* astonished the population of Cherbourg, naval and military, by each displaying a sailor standing on their mastsheads in their neat white dresses, looking almost like small lay figures but for the vigour with which they moved their hats and flags, now and then giving vent to a cheer, which only reached those upon water faintly, and after a long interval. As their Imperial Majesties passed between the vessels of the English squadron, there arose such cheers as only English sailors give. The French, however, did with their guns what they did not like to do with their voices, and as the stately English salute came forth, they thundered out their three tremendous salvos with a vigour that was terrible, and the smoke of which on a calm summer morning hid everything from view.

Half-past eleven was the time fixed for the squadron to get under way, and twelve o'clock for the Royal yacht. All the large pleasure steamers and yachts began to get ready for a start, and even the *Pleides*, the tug hired for the use of the House of Commons, of course one of the ugliest and slowest things in harbour, gave vent to dense black clouds of smoke, and made believe as if it meant to steam about. All the French ships manned yards; the boats and shore were crowded with thousands of spectators, when a signal ran up from the flag-ship, and in another minute the vessels of the English squadron, apparently without an effort of their own, were under way.

The *Royal Albert*, *Caracaras*, *Euryalus* formed the port line, the starboard line, some half a mile or so apart, was composed of the *Renown*, the *Diadem*, and the *Racoon*. In this order they steamed slowly off towards the western entrance, just as the Emperor and Empress, quitting the Royal yacht, went on board the *Bretagne*, and standing on the poop the Emperor waved his hand to her Majesty, and the Royal yacht started. As she moved along under the guns of the French fleet, the men sprung from the decks into the shrouds, and the salute began again with the most stunning uproar, making the vessels rock again, and filling the air with smoke enough to choke the most seasoned veteran. It was a grand sight, but it seemed not a little dangerous also. The forts began saluting and the terrific din of some 1,500 guns going at once made words of command impossible, while the smoke hung as solid as a wall. Between the intervals of the salute the cheers were loud and even hearty as the Royal yacht, clearing her way through the smoke, rushed past the lines of the English vessels, which were tearing and slashing through the foam at a great rate. The instant the Queen had taken the lead, the English began the return from the heaviest guns of the frigates and line-of-battle ships, with such a number of 68-pounders as made all within ten miles earnestly wish the gunpowder compliments at an end.

That over, and the squadron quitted Cherbourg, leaving the harbour so full of the densest smoke that it looked as if the whole place had been stormed and burnt to the ground.

Of course every *contretemps* which took place was certain to occur in the sight of the French officers, and the officer in command of the *Banshee* caused her to run full into two steamers while quitting the harbour, causing no little confusion and dismay. Beyond this stupidity, however, all passed off well. Once outside the Breakwater, and the Royal yacht began to leave all astern, while the vessels of the squadron, spreading their great wings to the wind, went off, bounding over the crisp green waves after her at a splendid speed. While the *Royal Albert* was setting sail her maintopmast fouled in such a manner, that a long and rather clumsy job was made of it before all was clear again. In another hour, and there was only a thin tra-k of smoke on the horizon to mark in what direction the Queen of England had quitted Cherbourg.

An accident was very near occurring as the squadron left the harbour. The *Prince Frederick-William*, one of the boats of the Dover Mail Packet Company, with a large number of English excursionists, male and female, on board, was following pretty closely—perhaps too much so—in the wake of the Royal yacht. She was passing between the *Banshee* and the *Fairy*, when the *Banshee* suddenly altered her course, and in the most lubberly manner ran her bows into the *Frederick-William*. Fortunately only a small amount of damage was done; but all who witnessed the collision felt that little short of a miracle could prevent the complete destruction of the steamer. The confusion on board was for a moment most alarming.

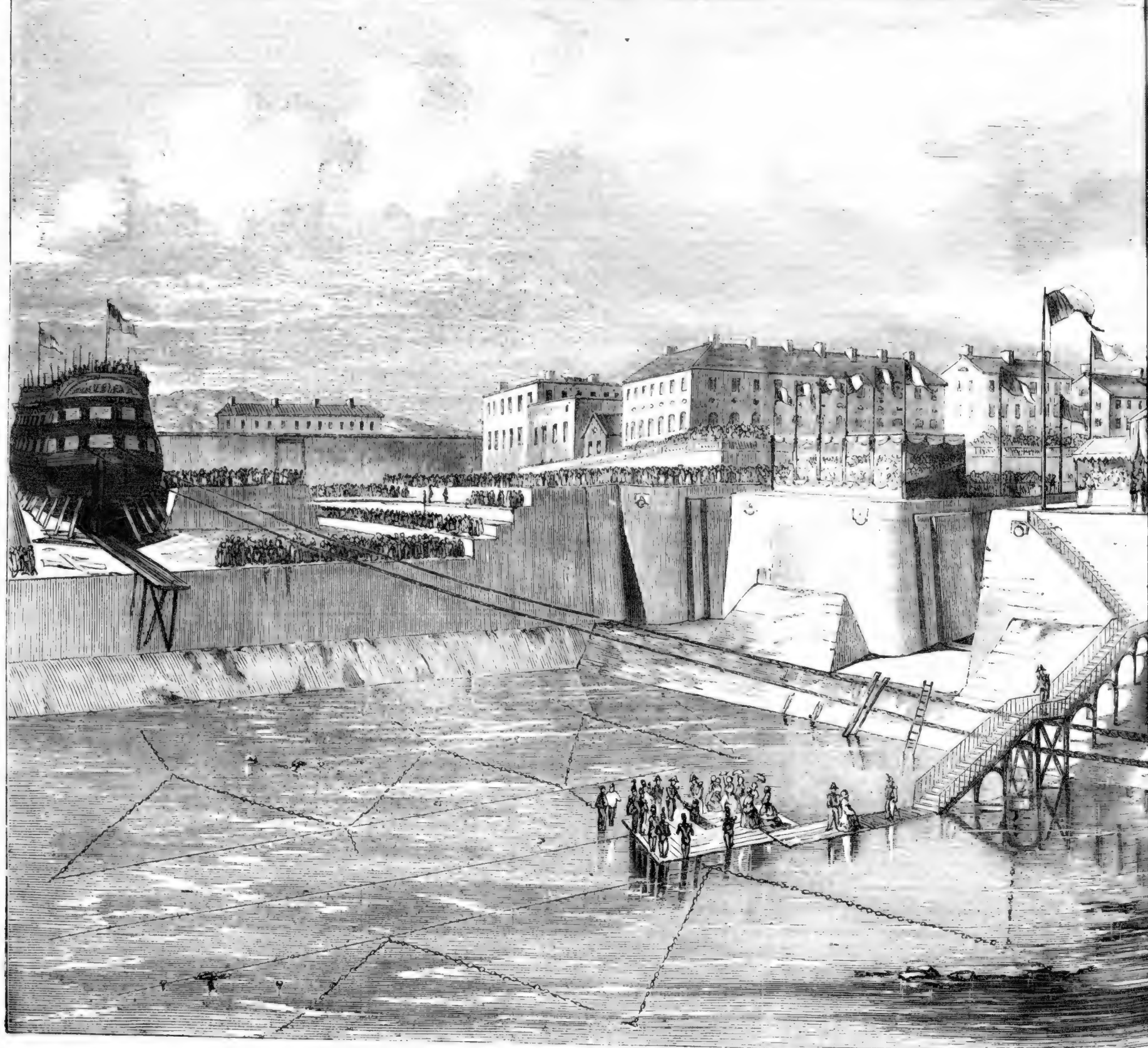
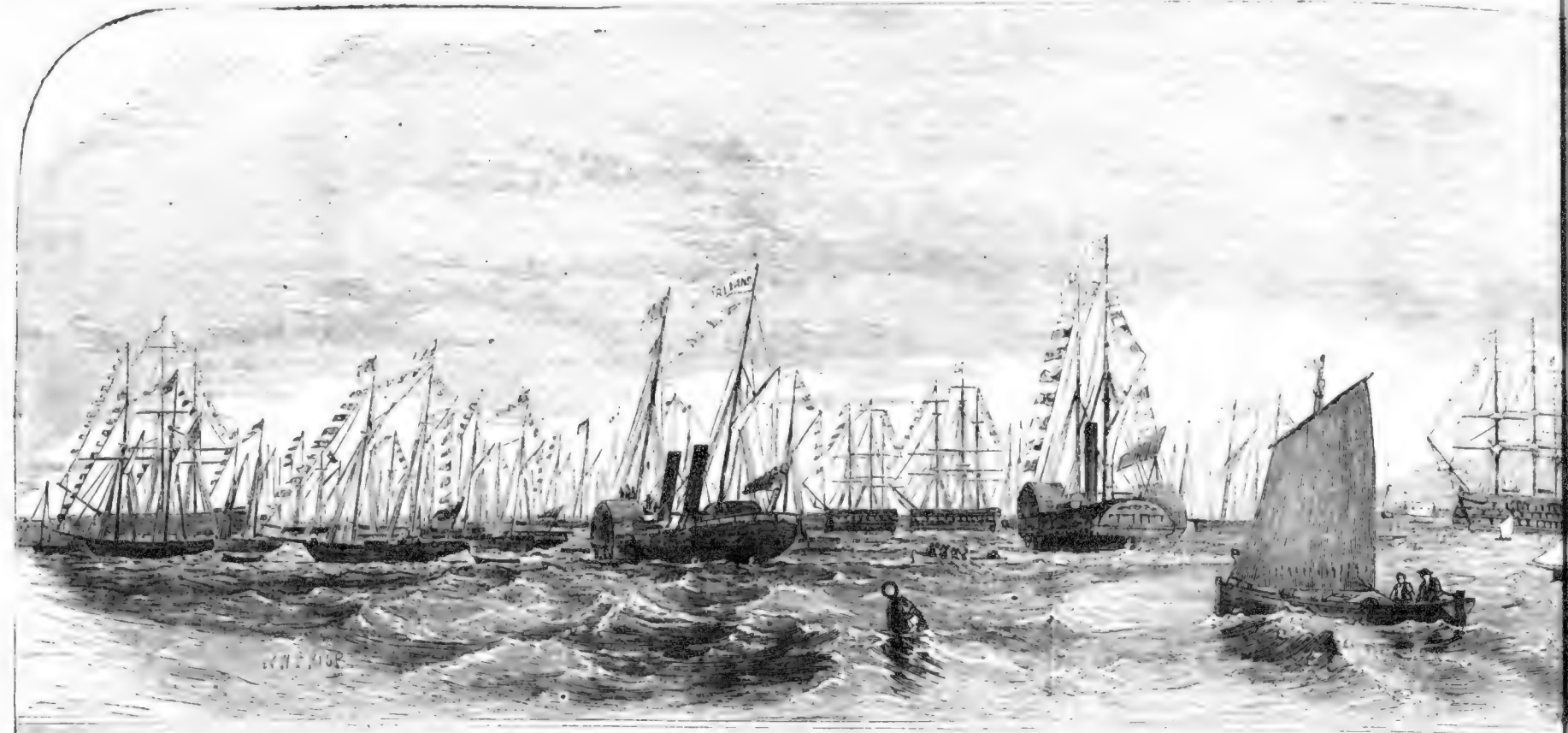
## SATURDAY, AUG. 7.—IMMERSION OF THE NAPOLEON DOCK.

The second of the special celebrations of the *fêtes* of Cherbourg, the opening of the Great Basin, or Napoleon Dock, took place on Saturday, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The weather was fine, and everything at the gates of the Arsenal promised success; but one of those cross accidents, that will spoil even Imperial *fêtes*, had intervened between preparation and execution. The long-expected immersion as a spectacle was a total failure.

The water was to have been let into the excavation in a rush through one of two locks that connect this inner basin with the two smaller ones between it and the sea. The water, it was thought, was sufficiently controlled by a dam and caisson. The dam was constructed of earth, enclosing a mine at its base. This dam should have kept the water at the level of the outside dock, while the caisson was floated away. The dam would then have been the only barrier between the vast empty space within and the external docks, and, finally the sea itself. But when the water was admitted up to the dam, either the flood was stronger or the barrier weaker than had been calculated. One end of it was washed away, the mine was destroyed, and it was too late to remedy the disaster. So the great *coup* of the day, the anticipated explosion, the sudden rush of the element, and its first dash and spread over the immense granite level, were all lost. The actual ceremony of immersion, the subject of the longest official programme, was reduced to opening the sluices of the lock, and admitting the external water in a volume equalling a mill-race. The accident was of no real importance, as it did not affect the works themselves, and it was the only part of the proceedings that did not fully succeed. It was in all other respects a brilliant day.

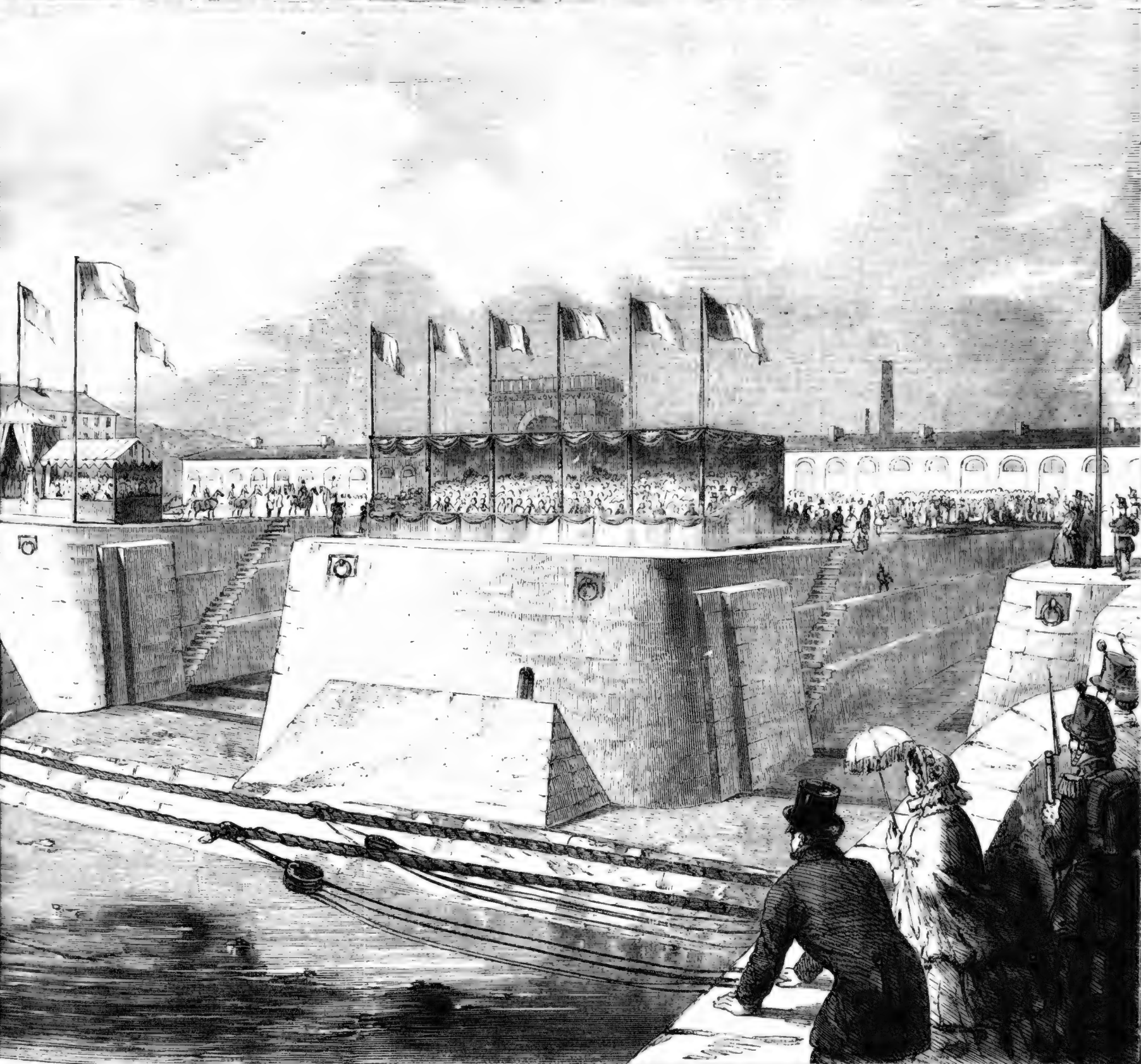
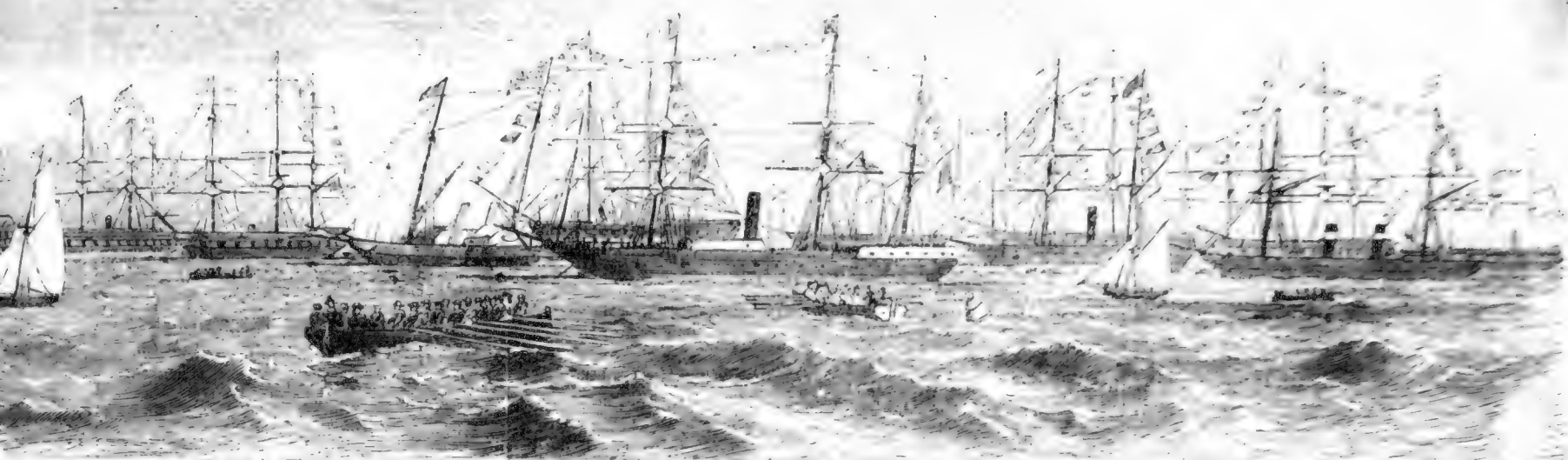
The ceremony attracted an immense concourse of spectators. Their Majesties arrived at half-past twelve at the dockyard, entering by the





1. THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH FLEETS OFF CHERBOURG.





2. THE NAPOLEON BASIN CHERBOURG: CEREMONY OF PLACING THE COINS.



Provisions.—We have very little change to notice in the value of butter. Bacon is the term dearer, and hams and lard continue firm.



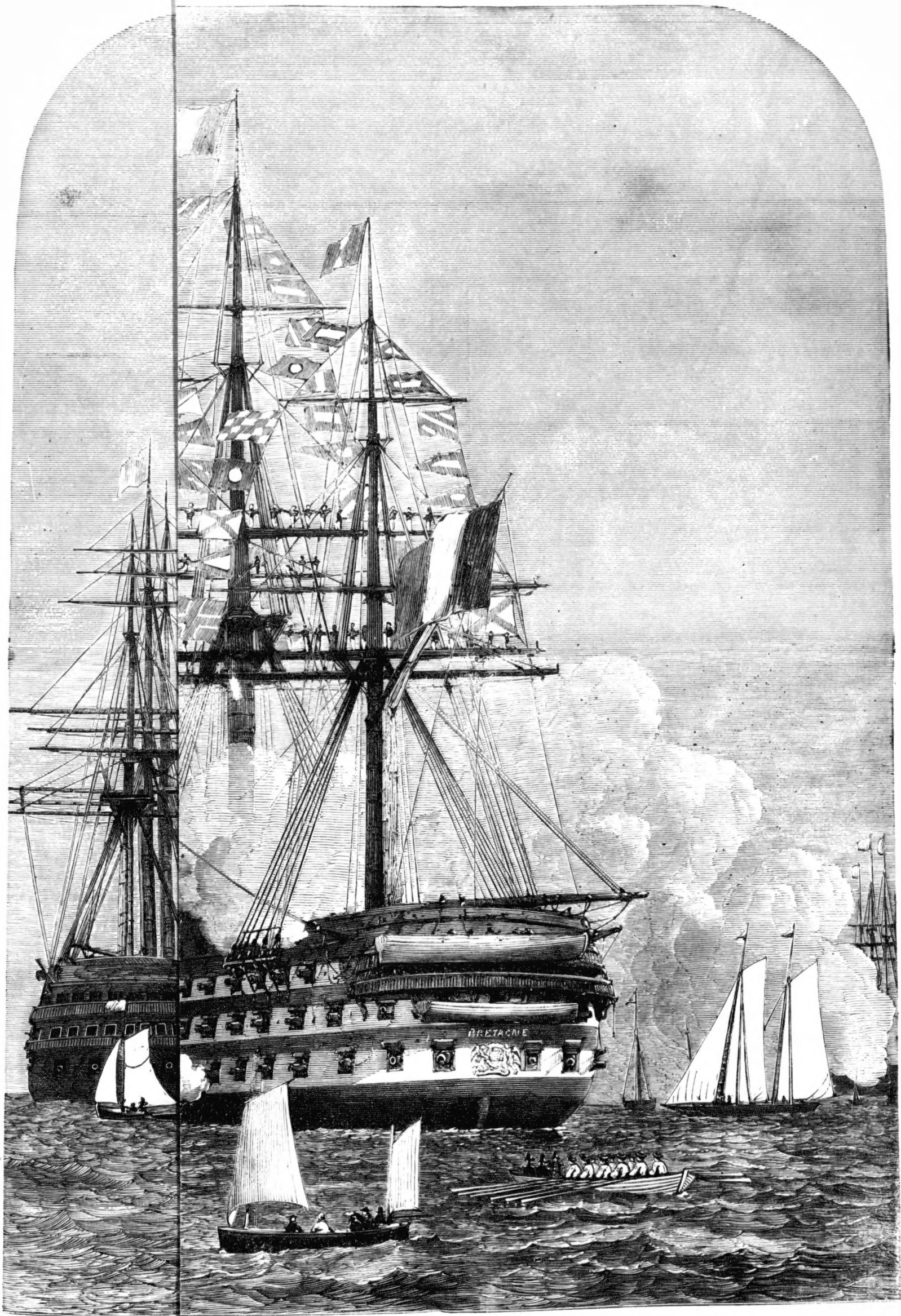




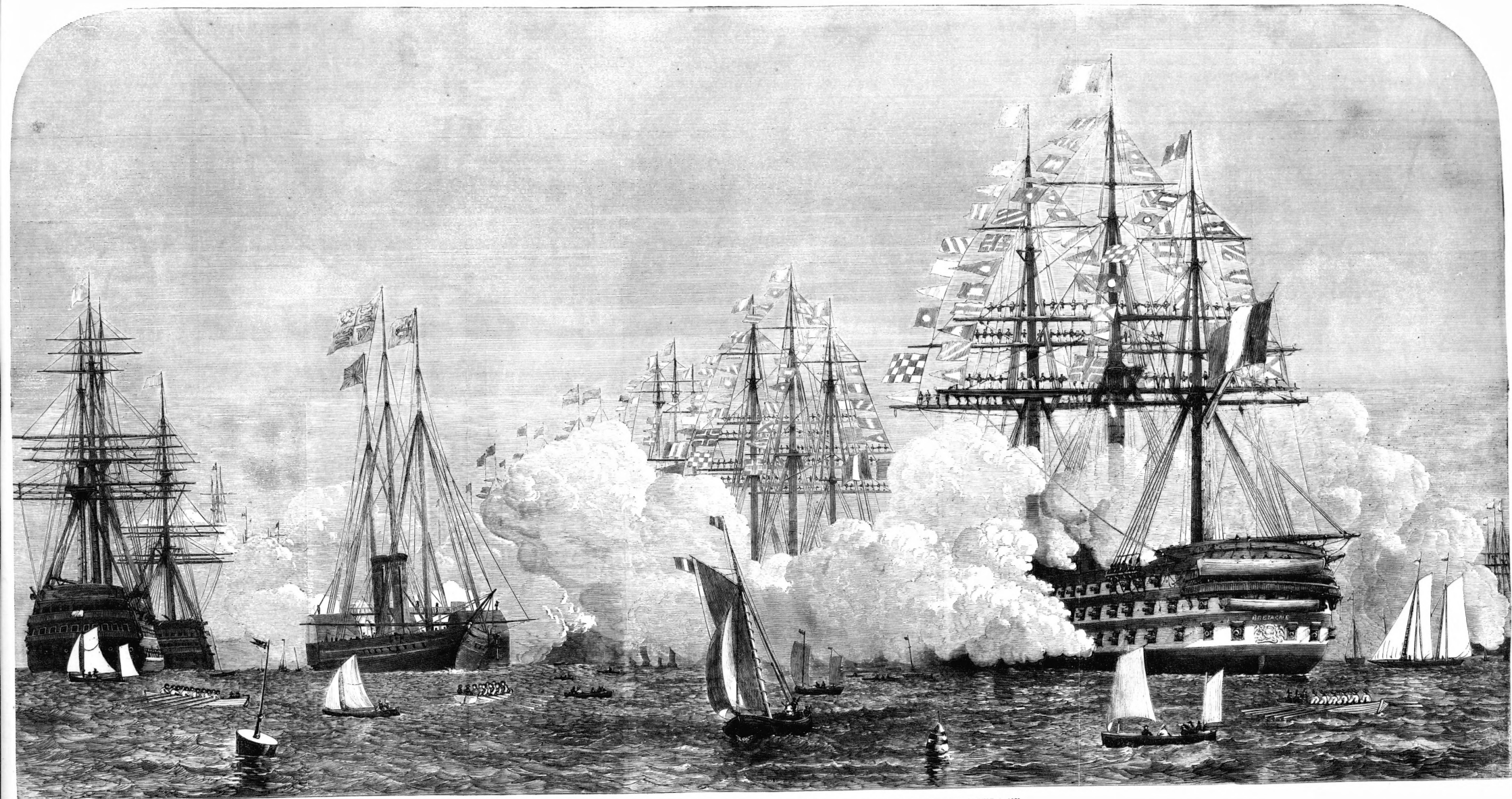
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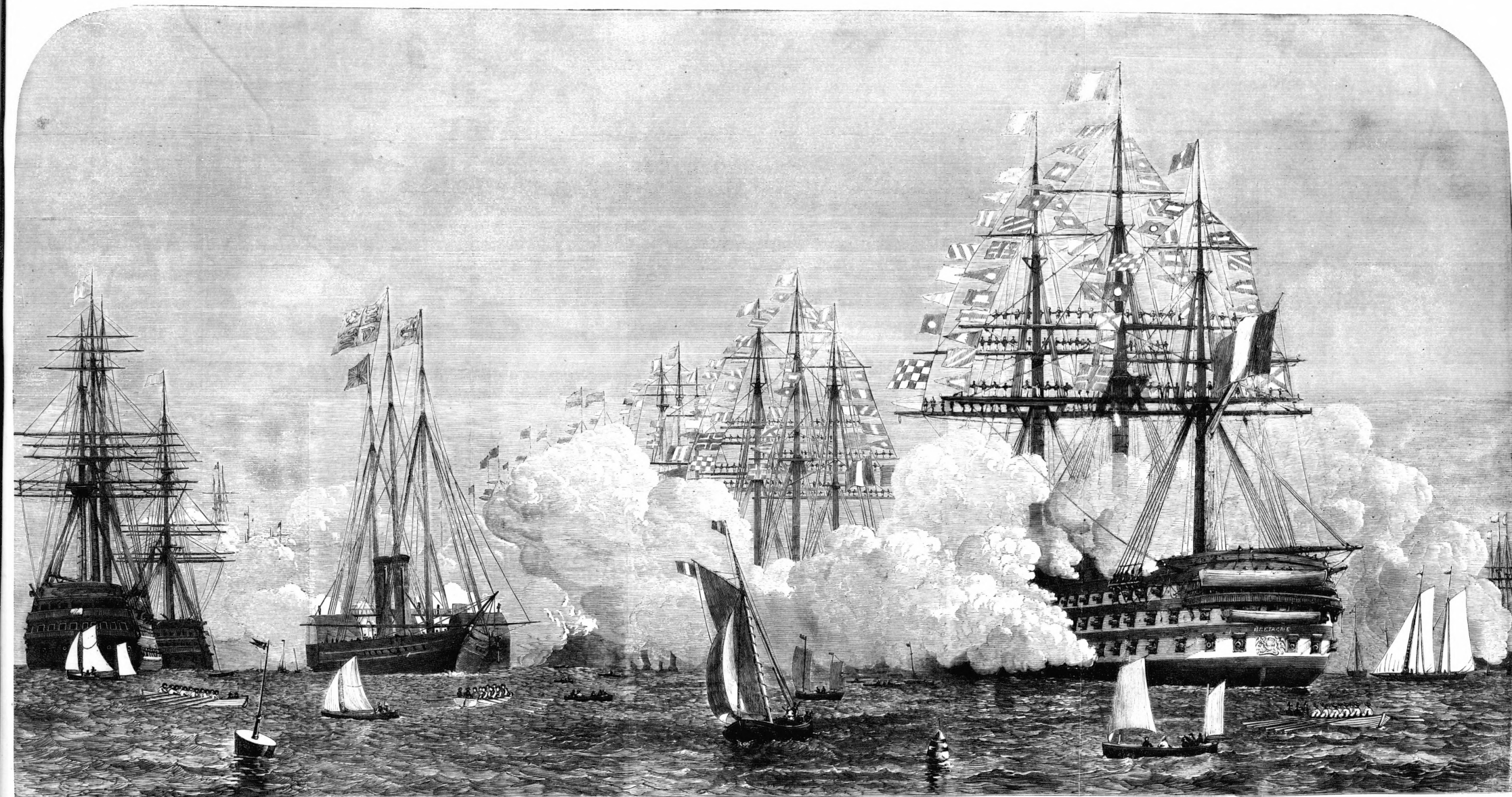






THE GRAND SALUTE OF HER MAJESTY, BY THE ENTIRE FRENCH FLEET, ON HER ENTRANCE INTO CHERBOURG HARBOUR, AUGUST 4, 1858.





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